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CITY OF NEW YORK

# THE GREAT LONDON SCANDAL.

## THE NATION **POLICE GAZETTE** MRS. CRAWFORD'S CONFESSION. THE LEAST ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1886.

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SHE KNEW HOW TO HANDLE A GUN.

MRS. KATE M. PINCIN OF EAST MONMOUTH, MAINE, GOT THE BEST OF A BOLD, BAD HIGHWAYMAN WHO DISLIKED TO FACE A PISTOL, AT SPEAR'S CORNER.





RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.  
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1886.

### IMPORTANT.

The publisher will consider it a personal favor if any reader of the POLICE GAZETTE will forward him the name and address of any newsdealer or subscription agent who is not selling this paper. Sample copies and advertising matter sent free on receipt of postal card. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

### MRS. CRAWFORD'S CONFESSION.

This week we print, exclusively, a verbatim report of the extraordinary confession of her wickedness made in the London Court of Probate and Divorce by Mrs. Crawford. When her husband's case was first brought against her and the original trial took place, it was openly alleged that Sir Charles Dilke had been protected by his public influence and station from a full exposure of his crimes.

That this view of the matter was largely justified by the facts is evident to anybody who reads Mrs. Crawford's amazing testimony against herself.

### A DRY SPELL BROKEN.

It has taken just a month for liquor dealers to realize the fimsiness of the new Rhode Island law to enforce Prohibition, and on Sunday a tidal wave of drunkenness swept in, which has replaced the extraordinary sobriety of a month past and promises to stay. It looks as if Prohibition was a complete failure in the neighborhood of Woonsocket, at least. There has not been so much drunkenness in the place for years as on Sunday night, when saloons all opened and teams rumbled across the State line to private storehouses to replenish the rapidly diminishing supply in Rhode Island. The new law is a gigantic humbug, and it is generally understood it means Prohibition for politics only. If local chiefs of police take out search warrants it must be as private citizens, and they must give security for costs. It is thought convictions in State courts will hereafter only be secured on positive proof of sale, that the article sold has actually had the effect of intoxicating and that the sale was made for its use as a beverage. Prominent liquor dealers are passing word, it is reported, that nothing will be done until Sept. 1, and that men who vote for the Republican ring candidates will not be molested. It is certain liquor men believe this, whether it has foundation or not.

In other prohibition States, a similar collapse prevails, especially in Atlanta, where the "rum trade," as its enemies call it, holds its own with unabated vigor and shows no signs of giving up the ghost.

All over the country, as a matter of absolute fact, the prohibition crusade is backing down and inflicting twice as much harm and humiliation on those who supported it as on those against whom it was levelled. Perhaps, before the year is out, other varieties of cranks besides the cold-water fanatics will realize that grown-up Americans are not to be treated like a parcel of dangerously heedless and irresponsible children.

### LET US HAVE WAR.

Trouble in Mexico of a serious nature is liable to occur at any time. The people are ripe for a revolution and the government authorities and officials on the American border are committing high-handed outrages on American citizens. A few days ago an American citizen was kidnapped by an American officer in Texas and carried across the line to Mexico. The man appealed to the American government for a release. The American consul demanded that he be given a hearing. Instead of complying with this demand the man was taken out of jail and shot by order of the Mexican authorities. In view of the numerous outrages perpetrated by the Mexicans against American citizens, it seems as if it was about time that Uncle Sam exhibited a little spunk, and demanded satisfaction from the greasers. This is the time when an "aggressive" man is needed as Secretary of State in Washington. Will Secretary Bayard fill the bill?

### STAGE WHISPERS.

Mantell is in London.

Fred Warde is acting in Canada.

W. E. Sheridan and wife have gone to Australia.

Margaret Mather is going to play "Peg Woffington."

Roland Reed opens his regular season in Boston, August 10.

Lawrence Barrett is a member of the Eastern Yacht Club.

Clara Morris' manager next season will be Frank L. Goodwin.

Charles Pope will have a strong company next season, headed by Harry Meredith.

The daily number of visitors to Buffalo Bill's Wild West on Staten Island is said to average 15,000.

Clara Louise Kellogg's mother, it is said, gave spiritualistic seances that her daughter might be trained to sing.

Annie Pixley next season will make Gunther's "The Deacon's Daughter" the chief feature of her repertoire.

Effie Ellsler commences her season September 27, in "Woman Against Woman," People's theatre, New York.

The leading men for Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett next season are Charles Barron and Newton Gottbold respectively.

Five American actresses are in Paris, and all want Sardou to write new plays for them to "star" in next season. Sardou won't do it.

Notwithstanding the artistic success of Daly's company in London business is bad, all the houses doing poorly and all "papering" freely.

Mme. Nevada-Palmer is living quietly in a flat in Paris. She has no time for any more libel suits, being busily engaged in making other suits for the expected arrival.

Miss Marie Prescott will star next season in "Pygmalion and Galatea," "As You Like It," "Ciska," "Twelfth Night," "Meg Merrilies," and "Romeo and Juliet."

A curious feature of Chicago's new Casino, is that a seat check from any other house will admit one to its privileges. The refreshments are relied on to make the money.

All of the time of Joseph Jefferson's season of fourteen weeks, which opens in Denver, Col., on September 16, has been booked. Mr. Jefferson fills an engagement of three weeks at the Star theatre in November.

The bust of the late John McCullough, for the proposed monument to be erected over the tragedian's grave, will be made from a bust photograph taken by Colby of Boston. This picture was selected from 200 examined by a committee.

Edwin Booth has played his part so long he has grown weary of acting. He is said to be in poor health and despondent, and probably will retire at the close of next season. He has paid his debts, settled his daughter with a handsome dowry and has enough to live on in a quiet way.

At the Madison Square theatre Mansfield has lately introduced his entertainment at the piano in the third act of "Prince Karl" a song (skit a la Gilbert and Sullivan), entitled "How to Become a King." This clever composition is most heartily appreciated and redemanded.

Death is busy with the Hanlons. Just two months after the passing away of Frederick under the sunny skies of Italy, Alfred ends his pain in the balmy climate of the Pacific region. When the Hanlons first became known to fame they were a large band, of whom too few are now left.

Lydia Thompson has been released by Messrs. Miles & Barton from all her American engagements, and will not be seen in this country next season. Miles & Barton will confine themselves to directing the Bijou Opera House, New York, and the tour of Joseph Haworth, the young tragedian.

A company to be known as the Night Owls and devoted to burlesque will be one of the attractions next season. It is to be under the direction of Daniels and Manchester, and includes among its people Louise Denney, Pauline Barchelder, Manchester and Jennings and others well known in the specialty way.

The keepers of Bartley Campbell, the insane playwright now in the Bloomingdale asylum, say that his malady is making daily progress for the worse. He is never himself now, and fails to recognize any one. His condition grows more and more like John McCullough, and his nurses think that the end is rapidly approaching.

Messrs. Robson and Crane's next Shakespearian selection will be "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Falsely by Mr. Crane and Sander by Mr. Robson. Mr. Robson will also play Tony Lumpkin in Goldsmith's comedy, with Mr. Crane as Old Hardcastle, and "Married Life" has been added to their repertoire, while "Twelfth Night" is retained.

Miss Adelaide Moore has returned to London. She stopped long enough in Paris for Worth to make his "greatest Juliet dress," visited Vichy, France. Miss Moore received treatment for her throat by a celebrated physician, who is said to have cured the imperfections a doctor in Wales had created by burning her tonsils. She sails on the Berlin from Liverpool August 21, commencing her season October 4, at Coldwater, Mich.

This may or may not be a new story of Mary Anderson, but it is rather good, all the same. While she was rehearsing the part of Juliet an eminent physician, an intimate friend, was present. The performance delighted him till toward the conclusion of the play, when his countenance wore a troubled expression. When it was over he went up to the actress. "My dear young lady," he said, "you are wrong in one of your effects. Don't you know that a corpse doesn't stiffen for at least six hours after death?" "My dear doctor" responded Mary slowly, speaking in deep, rich tones, and adopting a strong American twang, "do you think I'm going to keep my audience waiting for six hours while I stiffen?"

### PROF. LEROUX'S JUMP.

There were nearly six thousand persons in the vicinity of Passaic Falls, Paterson, July 28th, when, as had been advertised, Prof. Leroux was to ascend in a balloon 500 feet, and then, with only a parachute in his hand, was to jump from the balloon. This programme was not carried out, but the aeronaut entertained the spectators by jumping from the Falls bridge into the river, a distance of about sixty feet.

The balloon is a large one, requiring 18,000 feet of gas to inflate it. On the outside in large letters is printed the word "Columbus." It was ascertained that because of a leak in the balloon enough gas could not be put in it to cause it to ascend 500 feet. With Prof. Leroux seated on the trapeze suspended from the balloon, it went up about 150 feet, however, and there the Professor performed some gymnastic evolutions on the trapeze.

When the balloon descended it was announced that Leroux could jump from the bridge. In the centre of the bridge a long pole was securely fastened in an upright position. To this the parachute was held by a rope. Leroux caught hold of the small hoop attached to the lower end of the parachute and swung himself out into mid air. He descended rapidly, the parachute not filling with air until he was near the water, and after he had disappeared beneath the surface the spectators feared that he might have been injured. He soon reappeared, however, and swam around to show that he was not hurt.

Leroux is confident that he will jump 500 feet without injury by the aid of the parachute. His exhibitions, he says, are meant to prove the utility of this invention as a life-saving apparatus.

### FLOPING WITH A CHILD.

George M. Helmer, a wealthy farmer living near Herkimer, N. Y., has for two years had in his employ Benjamin Gregory, about forty years old, who has been steady and a good workman. Gregory took a great fancy to Helmer's daughter Lucy Ann, aged fourteen, but owing to the great difference in their ages nothing was thought of it. The morning of July 27, however, Gregory failed to appear at the breakfast table; Lucy also was missing, and soon it was learned that the pair had boarded an east-bound train. Sheriff Wilson tracked them to Schenectady, where they crossed the Mohawk river into the town of Glenville and took refuge at the house of Joseph Sartoris, an acquaintance of Gregory. They had represented themselves as married. When the officers approached, Gregory slipped out of the back door and ran into a neighboring wood. The girl was found stupefied, either from fright, or from the effects of some drug. She said that she was married to Gregory, but when, or where, she could or would not say. She accompanied Wilson back to her house. The story of the marriage is thought to be a fabrication.

Officers have been scouring the country in search of Gregory, but so far without success. He was seen several times by farmers, and is thought to be hiding in the woods. Helmer says he will spare no expense to bring the man to justice. There is great indignation at Herkimer, and should Gregory show himself there he would be summarily dealt with. Gregory is married and has one child, but has not lived with his wife for some years. She is said to be employed as cook on a canal boat.

### A PIOUS PRINTER SKIPS.

The acquittal of J. L. Delong, at McKeesport, Pa., by a jury of his fellow M. E. Church members of charges of immorality, was soon followed by the disclosure of the fact that J. A. Cook, one of the men who signed the charges against Delong, had eloped with Miss Selma Moyle, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Richard Moyle, another signer. This caused a great sensation in McKeesport.

On Sunday Cook, who boarded with Moyle, left, saying he was going to Virginia to see his sick wife. On Monday Miss Moyle came to Pittsburgh, ostensibly to consult a physician. Since their departure neither of them have been seen. Mrs. Moyle had \$100 in a McKeesport bank in her daughter's name, and it is gone.

Cook is a printer. He located in McKeesport some months ago. He was converted by the Salvation shouters, and subsequently joined the M. E. Church, being accepted into full membership only last Sunday. He was very pious. He not only skipped out with Moyle's daughter, but he owes Moyle a large board bill.

### WHY SHE LEFT HER HUSBAND.

In an answer to an advertisement inserted some time ago in a St. Louis paper by W. Leader, of the Dispatch, a young woman came to the city to work on Leader's paper. Everything seemed to be all right till last Tuesday. De Witt Carson, of St. Louis, a brick-layer came here and claimed the woman as his runaway wife, and that she had left a twenty-months-old baby in St. Louis.

When he found her here she promised, he says, to return home with him after three months, but soon after the interview she sent a note to Leader, asking him to get the Governor to protect her from her husband. Nothing came of this, but the next evening Carson again met her, when she ran to her room in the Pearl Hotel and locked the door against him.

She finally had another interview with him, which resulted, Carson states, despondently, in her refusing to come back home with him. She is quite a good-looking woman. She claims Carson can't support her.

### TOO YOUNG TO WED.

Society circles in the western part of Petersburg, Va., are all agog over an elopement which has just taken place. The parties to the escapade were Miss Katie Blankenship and Mr. Henry Ramsay, who left on the noon train over the Atlantic Coast Line for Weldon, N. C., where they were united in marriage in the afternoon.

The bride is about sixteen years of age, a beautiful blonde, and quite a belle in that part of the city in which she resides. The groom is a popular young man, and is about nineteen years of age. The cause of the elopement is said to have been due to objections to the match on the part of the parents of the contracting parties.

### THE CHICAGO ANARCHISTS' TRIAL.

[With Illustration and Portraits.] We print on another page a sketch from life of the trial of the Anarchists before Judge Garry in Chicago, with portraits of the accused. It will be noticed that the Judge's bench is shared by several curious Chicago ladies.

### OUR PICTURES.

The Chief Events of the Week Pictorially Delineated.

#### Rescue of a Condemned Man.

John Cardwell, a white man, who was to have been hanged at Wilkesboro, N. C., on July 30 for assaulting his own daughter, was rescued by a mob, who raided the jail, and was spirited away. His whereabouts are unknown. Cardwell was twice respited, but the hanging was set finally for July 30.

#### She Broke Him In.

The beach at Atlantic City, New Jersey, was recently the scene of a most picturesque and exciting contest between a rather daring young Philadelphia belle and a fiery saddle-horse. The young lady was resolved to ride him into the breakers, but did not succeed until at least an hour's desperate struggle had taken place. We illustrate the encounter.

#### A Negro Woman's Remarkable Crime.

The report comes from Tattnell county, Ga., that one day last week a negro named Samuel Frick, living in the lower part of the county, left with a negro woman named Mary Hollenbeck, who was his neighbor, his little girl, as he had some work to do at a distance. The woman promised to take care of the child, and after bidding the little one good-by the father departed. That was the last seen of the child.

Next day he returned. A picnic was given in the vicinity a day or two after the child was placed in the custody of the woman, and she was engaged to prepare the dinner. She deliberately murdered the child, cooked one-half of it, and served it at the dinner. The other half of the remains were salted and put in a barrel.

The father, not finding his child, went to the woman's house and instituted a thorough search, when he found in the barrel half of a human body. The appalling discovery was at once made known, and created a great sensation throughout the settlement. The woman was at once arrested, and in her terror she confessed her fearful crime. The indignant negroes seized and burnt her at the stake.

#### She Fled To The Mantelpiece.

A dog with a tin can tied to his tail created consternation at a swell colored wedding reception, in the West End, Louisville, Ky., the other day. Some was captured an animal belonging to Jacob Wolfe, at Seventeenth and Market streets, the painter, and attached a large can filled with firecrackers to the poor brute's tail. When the crackers exploded the dog started off, followed by a motley crowd, who pelted him with missiles of every description. Gates and doors were closed to the frenzied brute, and he found his only safety in a continued flight. At Pirtle street the dog turned and ran toward Eighteenth.

About midway of the square the badly-scared animal found an open door in the house of a negro. In he dashed into the midst of a bridal party and sought refuge in the bride's skirts. The crowd, supposing the dog mad, sought safety in an undignified flight. The bride fainted, but finding the arms of no groom to fall into, soon recovered and mounted the mantelpiece. She was finally relieved from her embarrassing position by the groom, who returned with Officer Michaels, and the dog, far more frightened than the others, was led away.

#### Driven Mad by Her Troubles.

Edward Butler, of New Haven, Conn., has been sent to jail for a breach of the peace against his wife, who from brutality and other troubles has become a raving maniac. Seldom has a more shocking tale of brutality been revealed in a Connecticut court. At midnight while her babe was dying her husband in his drunken frenzy was creating a disturbance in the house utterly regardless of his child's sufferings. Mrs. Butler had her husband arrested, and her mind gave way during the night from her troubles. From evening until the morning she passed a night of unparalleled horror. She roared wildly about her tenement, aroused the people in the neighborhood and told them that four policemen had come to arrest her husband and that because he wouldn't go with them they pulled out huge knives and murdered him. Then she shrieked that men were chasing her to kill her also, and she imagined that the closets of the house were filled with murderers. Finally she crawled out through one of the basement windows and ran away from the house. She was captured by an officer after a long search. Her infant lay on a rude table in her tenement all day Sunday and was buried by the town. She was always respected as a hard-working and honest woman.

#### Kept a Tryst with the Law.

Agnes Cooper, the millionaire land-owner of Union City, Erie County, Pa., attempted to assault Mrs. Julia Dunn, a woman of great personal attractions, superior education and remarkable strength of character. She refused large sums of hush money and prosecuted Cooper in the county courts. He spent money freely, and the result of the trial was a technical conviction. Judge Galbraith imposed a fine of \$1,000 and costs instead of sending an old and wealthy citizen to the penitentiary. On that trial it is alleged Cooper hired witnesses to perjure themselves. He himself, with three other witnesses, is now waiting trial for perjury and subornation of perjury. Another alleged perjured witness for Cooper, a man named Brown, escaped arrest by flight to Canada.

Two weeks ago Mrs. Dunn left her home in disguise, for the purpose of going to Canada and compassing the return of Brown to the States, where he could be captured under the indictment hanging over him. Concealing her identity so that Brown, who knew her for years, did not recognize her when she found him at Brantford, Canada. Mrs. Dunn began to entangle him in such a web as only a woman can weave and lure him towards a visit to the American side. Last Saturday she awaited him on the New York side of the river at Youngstown, and Brown crossed to the meeting in company with another young man who was a secret confederate of Mrs. Dunn. When well out in the stream Brown's employer, a son of Cooper, who had learned where Brown was going, rode to the water's edge and shouted to him to return, but a beautiful woman waited on the other side, and Brown pulled the boat himself, which landed him at the appointed rendezvous, where she waited with an officer. He was taken in custody. Cooper fell in a fainting fit when the news was telegraphed him by friends.



## THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.



Last week in this column we published a portrait of Miss Mattie Jackson, who, it is alleged, has skipped away with John Welsh, a well-known citizen of Penn Yan, N. Y. The sad story of Mrs. Welsh, the deserted wife, also appeared in the same issue. Welsh's picture is printed above.

## A Minister Pelted With Bad Eggs.

The Rev. Frederick W. Richards, of Naugatuck, Conn., who is just now without a parish, was sent to the Knights of Labor Convention at Middletown last Friday as a delegate from Hotchkissville. On his return he stopped to feed his horse on the lawn in front of the residence of Deacon Erastus Cogswell, an old and much respected citizen of Prospect. The Deacon resented the intrusion, and ordered Richards to take his horse away. The minister thought the Deacon had no right to interfere and told him so. The Deacon, his son and his wife then procured a supply of eggs of decidedly questionable age but of unquestionable rottenness and proceeded to storm the poor minister with them. Richards held his position as long as it was tenable and then retired thoroughly bespattered.

As soon as he could get another suit of clothing on he hurried to the office of Attorneys Baldwin and Sweeney and began a civil suit against the Deacon, which will be tried at Hotchkissville on August 7. It is understood that Deacon Cogswell's defense will be that while the minister was feeding his horse upon the lawn he endeavored to force his attentions on Miss Cogswell, the Deacon's young and pretty daughter, and that to repel these advances he rotten-egged the minister.

## Whipped by a Dozen Women.

A very sensational horsewhipping occurred at Millertown Pa., about 8 o'clock the evening of July 28, in which Peter A. Rattigan, editor and proprietor of the *Herald*, and also the present Postmaster, figured as the victim. Rattigan, under the head of Butler items, has been reflecting quite severely on the members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and those who are identified with the prohibition or temperance element in the county. Last week seven coach loads of temperance people, among whom were some prominent and influential citizens, visited Koester's Park at Slippery Rock, and spent the day very pleasantly. An article appeared in the *Herald's* Saturday edition giving a very uncomplimentary description of the people composing the party, and, although dated Butler, it is claimed as Rattigan's production. The ladies were particularly selected as targets, and just prior to the hour of closing the post-office, twelve or fifteen women armed with whips planted themselves near the entrance and awaited their victim's appearance. As soon as Rattigan stepped outside of the door they began belaboring him and only desisted through exhaustion. Rattigan quietly stood it and offered no resistance. The affair has created no little feeling, and parties from that town say the end is not yet, the matter having got into the hands of the sterner sex, and as Rattigan has innumerable friends, trouble is expected. The friends of Rattigan claim that the women were instigated by their husbands and masculine friends.

## A Brutal Murder.

The most brutal murder ever committed in Lawrence, Mass., has just come to light. It was reported that William B. O'Connor had confessed the murder of a woman forty years old, named Hannah H. Conway. The marshal proceeded with a posse of officers to the house of O'Connor. He at once confessed the murder. He said the body was buried in the woodshed. Upon digging in the ground the officers found a tea chest matting, in which was wrapped the body of the woman. Both legs were cut off above the knees and the body was otherwise mutilated. The murderer coolly told his story as follows:

"On Sunday I stripped the Conway woman of her clothing, and driving her to the woodshed deliberately struck her with an ax. I then proceeded to bury the woman's clothes, cut off her legs, put the body in the sack, dug the hole in the ground and buried the corpse."

O'Connor was a soldier, drew State aid and is a member of the Grand Army.

O'Connor was arraigned in court and pleaded guilty of the murder, saying, "I did it."

## Because Her Temper Was Bad.

John Pierson, a wealthy farmer, living near Lawrence, Kan., on July 27 shot his wife and then himself. The couple parted a month ago. It was agreed that his wife and their son should come and receive portions of the household furniture and farm conveniences. While the son and a hired helper were carry-

ing a bureau out of the house, with the mother following close behind with a looking glass, the father, about ten feet in the rear, fired at her with a revolver, the ball striking just back of the ear and following the cranium under the skin to just over the temple, where it lodged. The son, turning, caught her before she fell. The helper rushed into the house just as the husband, bracing himself against the wall in a corner, opened his mouth, and placing the muzzle of the smoking revolver therein, pulled the trigger. The ball passed upward, through the brain, and he died without a groan. The mother was unconscious for several hours, but will be all right in a few days. Papers in the Swedish language were found in his pockets making known his wish as to the disposal of his property, leaving it for the greater part to his son. As to the cause for the action, he said: "The bad temper of my wife makes living together impossible and has driven me crazy."

This was the only reference as to the cause of the shooting.

## COFFINED IN THE CABIN.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The greatest excitement prevails in all the New Jersey resorts over a lamentable yachting accident which occurred off Sandy Hook in Friday night's squall. The yacht *Sarah Craig* left Philadelphia on Tuesday morning with a party of eleven pleasure seekers, a crew of three men and two servants. She put into Cape May Tuesday night and stopped at Atlantic City Wednesday morning. She made a quick run to Sandy Hook.

When the squall came up the captain of the yacht, Edward Ruland, seeing it approaching, ordered the ladies to go below into the cabin. The next moment the squall struck and capsized the boat. The gentlemen in the party, as well as Capt. Ruland and the crew, made heroic efforts to reach the imprisoned women, but in vain. The most they could do was to hang on to parts of the rigging and pieces of wreck. After clinging to or swimming about the vessel for nearly two hours, the tugs *Wm. Cramp* and



Parson Richards' experience.

Haviland came to their rescue. The survivors, numbering nine persons, were landed at the Ordnance dock.

Next morning the bodies of the following persons were taken from the yacht and identified: Mrs. Cora E. Eakin, aged eighteen; Mrs. Hood Stevens, aged fifty-five, and Miss Mamie Stevens, aged twenty-four of 1933 Judson street, Philadelphia; Emma Merritt, aged twenty-one, of 867 North Twentieth street; Chester Clark, aged twenty-one, chief operator at the Broad street station of the Pennsylvania railway, and Miss Maude E. Rettew, aged seventeen. The body of the remaining victim, Rebecca Merritt, aged twenty-two, of 861 North Twentieth street, was not recovered.

The survivors are: Edward C. Ruland, captain; Marcus S. Bulkley, Charles and Lewis, cabin boys; Alfred Porter, clerk, of 290 South Ninth street, and Z. W. Jordan. The yacht is a complete wreck. The six bodies were found lying under water amid the broken and twisted cabin furniture.

## A CHILD CHAINED TO THE FLOOR.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has caused the arrest of Robert D. Melville and Rose E. Melville, who lived on Dean street, East New York. The family on the lower floor for some time past had heard the piteous cries of a child in the Melville apartments. It was not known



Editor Rattigan's adventure.

that they had any children, and an investigation showed that in the room was a child nude and lying on the floor. Detective Kariwright entered the house and found the child was a girl about twelve years of age, horribly emaciated, tied to a staple in the centre of the floor. Her body was covered with bruises and sores and she was idiotic.

The child is the niece of the Melvilles and had been



A dose of lead.

held a prisoner by them for fully ten months. Their object cannot be ascertained, but a report is current that the girl, by the death of her parents, inherited a little property, and that Melville was her guardian.

## ANNIE OAKLEY.

[With Portrait.]

This celebrated lady-shot was born at Woodland, Darke County, Ohio, August 13, 1868. Ever since a toddling child she has had an inherent love for firearms and hunting. At the age of ten, she, as often as ammunition was obtainable, would smuggle her brother's musket and steal into the woods where game at that time was plentiful. Naturally she was a good shot and came home well supplied with game. From the old musket she passed to shooting a muzzle-loading shot gun, and rapidly became such a fine shot that she rarely missed a quail. Then came a local reputation, and with improved fire-arms she attracted wider notice, and for the past four years she has been shooting before the public with great success. Though like the modest little girl she is, she never laid claim to being a champion, yet Richard K. Fox had so much confidence in her ability that in 1893-4 he offered to back her against any other so-called champion then traveling. The Great Indian chief, Sitting Bull, after seeing her shoot at St. Paul, Minn., adopted her in the Sioux tribe, giving her the name of *Muska Caw Ah Pazzo*, or little sure shot. Besides the thousands of exhibitions she has given she has shot in 23 matches and tournaments, winning 19 prizes. In April, 1894, she attempted to beat the best 1,000-ball record made, at balls thrown in the air, using a 22 calibre rifle. The best record was 979, made by Dr. Ruth. Miss Oakley broke 943. February, 1895, she attempted the feat of shooting 5,000 (five thousand) balls in one day, using three 16-gauge Parker shot-guns, and loading them herself. The balls were thrown from three traps at fifteen yards rise. Out of 5,000 shot at she broke 4772. On the second thousand she only missed sixteen, making the highest 1,000 ball record—984. This feat was accomplished near Cincinnati, in less than nine hours. Miss Oakley is also a fine rider and understands how to manage a horse, as the following will show:



He hides his handiwork.

In the fall of '84 a gentleman near Greenville, Ohio, who owned a valuable but vicious and unbroken horse, told her he would give her the horse if she could ride him in less than three days without any assistance. She broke him to saddle and has used him since when not engaged in her exhibitions; sometimes riding 50 miles in one day. What makes Miss Oakley's feats more surprising is the fact that she is small in stature, and weighs only 110 pounds. She is now one of the principal attractions of Buffalo Bill's Wild West.

## MARRIED AFTER MIDNIGHT.

A very romantic wedding was solemnized in Taylorville, Ill., July 9, at 1 o'clock in the morning. A verdant couple, Mr. Samuel M. Davidson and Miss Della D. Jones, living about fifteen miles northwest of Taylorville, in South Fork Township, came to town Thursday afternoon to be married, and, when they applied for a license, found that they had to have the consent of the girl's mother, she being only sixteen years of age.

Not wishing to drive back home for the consent of the mother, the would-be bride signed her mother's name to the application for the license, and County Judge Foy was about to tie the nuptial knot when the County Clerk interposed. Young Davidson said the marriage must be solemnized, and matters were arranged with the Judge and they left for their home and got the mother, returning at 12:30 o'clock at night. They went to the residence of Judge Foy, and a loud knock awakened the Judge, who aroused the rest of the family to witness the ceremony.

Everything was done up in proper shape, and by 2 o'clock the three were pursuing their homeward way as happy as clams. This is the most persistent couple that has been heard of there. To add to the novelty of the wedding, the Judge who married them had on nothing but a pair of pants and a nightshirt.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



Alderman James Quinn is not only an able statesman, but he has a kindly tendency toward all manly sports. In his spare moments he is engaged in the genial wine and liquor trade, and a very prominent member of the liquor dealer's association, where he is noted for his wonderful knowledge of parliamentary tactics and power of debate, which carries everything before him and makes many hundreds of friends.

## Steve Brodie.

We publish on another page a capital portrait of Steve Brodie, the now celebrated Brooklyn Bridge jumper.

## Billy Oliver.

This all-round athlete and noted sporting man of Harlem, and backer of several noted pugilists, is portrayed elsewhere. He is champion wrestler and holds some elegant prizes for rowing and bicycling riding.

## Jack Pieper.

In this issue we publish a portrait of Jack Pieper, the well-known light-weight, who has engaged in several fistie encounters in Omaha, and who has challenged any man in that State to fight for \$500 or \$1,000.

## Joseph M. Wolford.

Joseph M. Wolford, who is one of the popular sporting men of Buffalo, N. Y., keeps the headquarters of the Sixty-fifth Regiment, at 503 Michigan street. Mr. Wolford is a prominent politician and has lots of friends. The *POLICE GAZETTE* is always to be found at his place.

## "George, the Growler."

On another page we publish an excellent portrait of one of the famous Western scouts and hunters, who has been noted in the army for his many daring and hair raising escapes in the wild country in the vicinity of Fort Union, N. M. He is known among his fellow-companions as "George, the Growler."

## The Slayers of W. C. Gladson.

Among our illustrations of this week's issue we print the portrait of Joseph Jump, hanged at Gallatin, Mo., for the murder of W. C. Gladson, a fellow workman. The execution took place before twenty thousand persons, who seemed to delight in the ghastly show. On the same page also appears a picture of John Smith, who was convicted with Jump in the same crime. The Governor of the State has for some reason given Smith a stay until Aug. 6, when he will probably meet Jump's fate. Both men have made full confessions of the brutal murder.

## Lillian Lewis.

Miss Lillian Lewis is one of the foremost of our young emotional stars. A faithful, untiring worker, beautiful, brilliant and splendidly educated. She is to-day the leading aspirant for the mantle Clara Morris must eventually fall on some worthy successor. Miss Lewis has been but three years on the stage, but in that time has made for herself an enviable position. The lady is well known as a clever newspaper writer. Miss Lewis has a long season as Cora in "Article 47." She begins her starring tour in August, playing the title role in a recent Paderian success.

## Seldom.

Seldom, owned by Geo. F. Groff, is one of the best-known dogs in Western Pennsylvania; he is perfectly white, short crop hair, weighs 57½ pounds, and is kept for breeding purposes. For color, beauty, build and staying qualities he has no equal. Something wonderful for a bull is that he is perfectly at home in the water. There is no bridge too high or water too deep for him. It is a common occurrence for Seldom to jump from a pier 20 feet above the Allegheny river and dive 10 feet, and continue to dive until he gets the object started for. Seldom will compete with prize dogs in bench shows in Pittsburgh and Baltimore next fall.

## HE HAD A GOOD HAND.

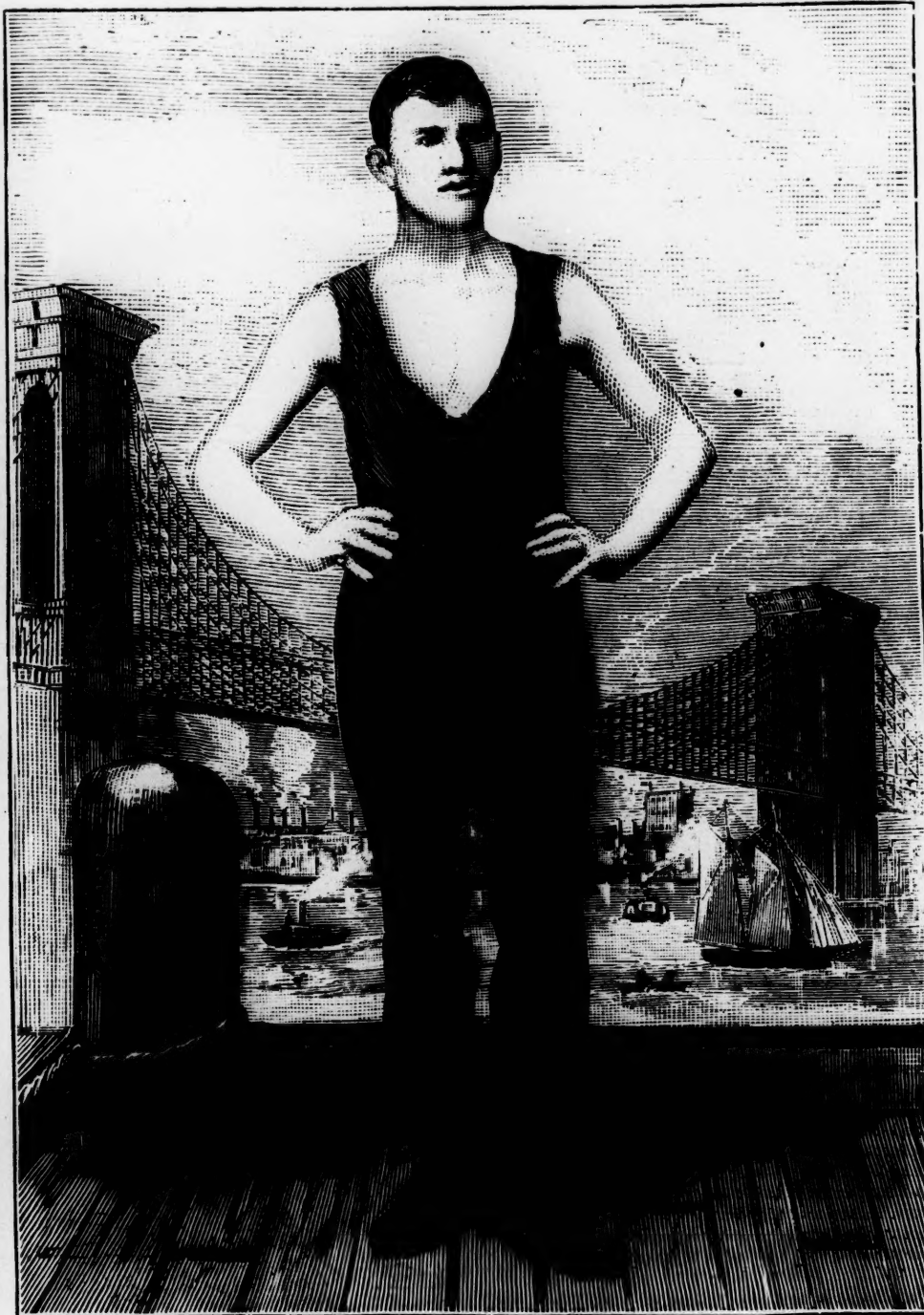
[Subject of Illustration.]

Frank Bunton and Jim Adams of Music, Carter county, Ky., were enemies. This was why Adams gave Mrs. Bunton a thrashing when her husband was away, and that was why Bunton loaded his gun with buckshot and went gunning for Adams. The latter, who was playing cards, saw his enemy coming. He held a good hand, and, laying it face down, asked his friends to wait until he had settled Bunton. He drew his pistol and crawled under a freight car, and when Bunton, who had not seen him, came along, fired and missed him. Bunton saw Adams peering from under the car and fired a load of buckshot into his upturned forehead, killing him instantly.





LILLIAN LEWIS,  
THE BEAUTIFUL EMOTIONAL ACTRESS WHO IS FAST COMING TO THE FRONT.



STEVE BRODIE,  
THE NEW YORK EX-NEWSBOY WHO JUMPED FROM THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.



HE DROVE HER CRAZY.  
FIENDISH EDWARD BUTLER OF NEW HAVEN, CONN., TORTURES HIS WIFE INTO  
VIOLENT INSANITY.

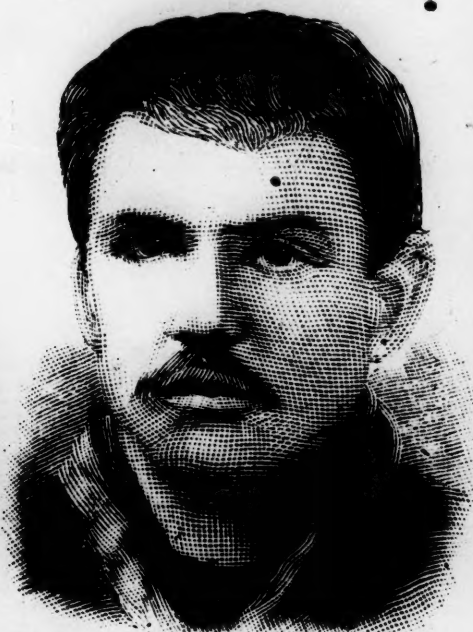


SHE WAS ONLY FOOLING HIM.  
HOW MR. BROWN OF UNION CITY, PA., WAS INVEIGLED HOME BY REVENGEFUL  
MRS. JULIA DUNN.





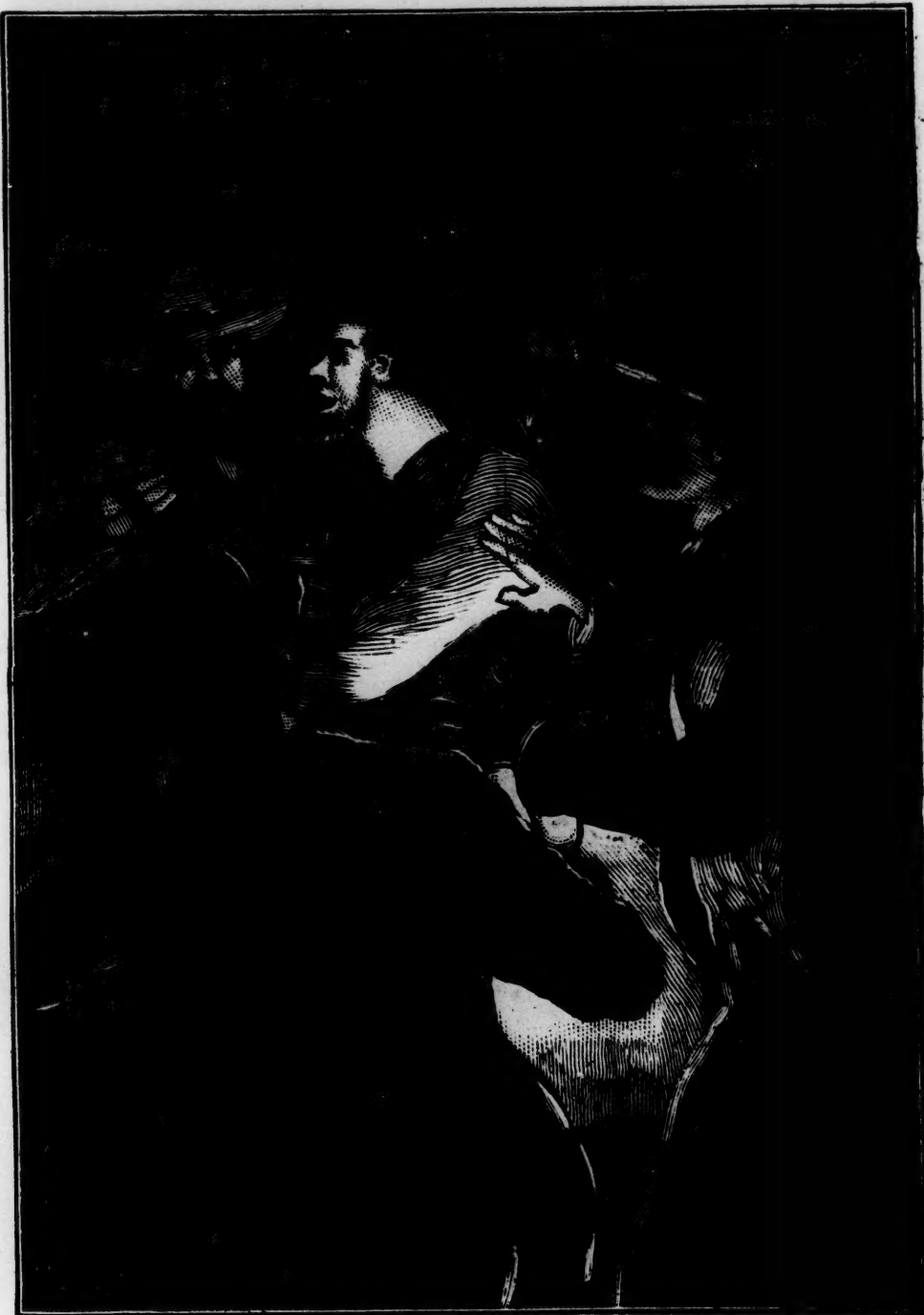
"GEORGE THE GROWLER,"  
A BRAVE WESTERN SCOUT AND HUNTER, FORT  
UNION, N. M.



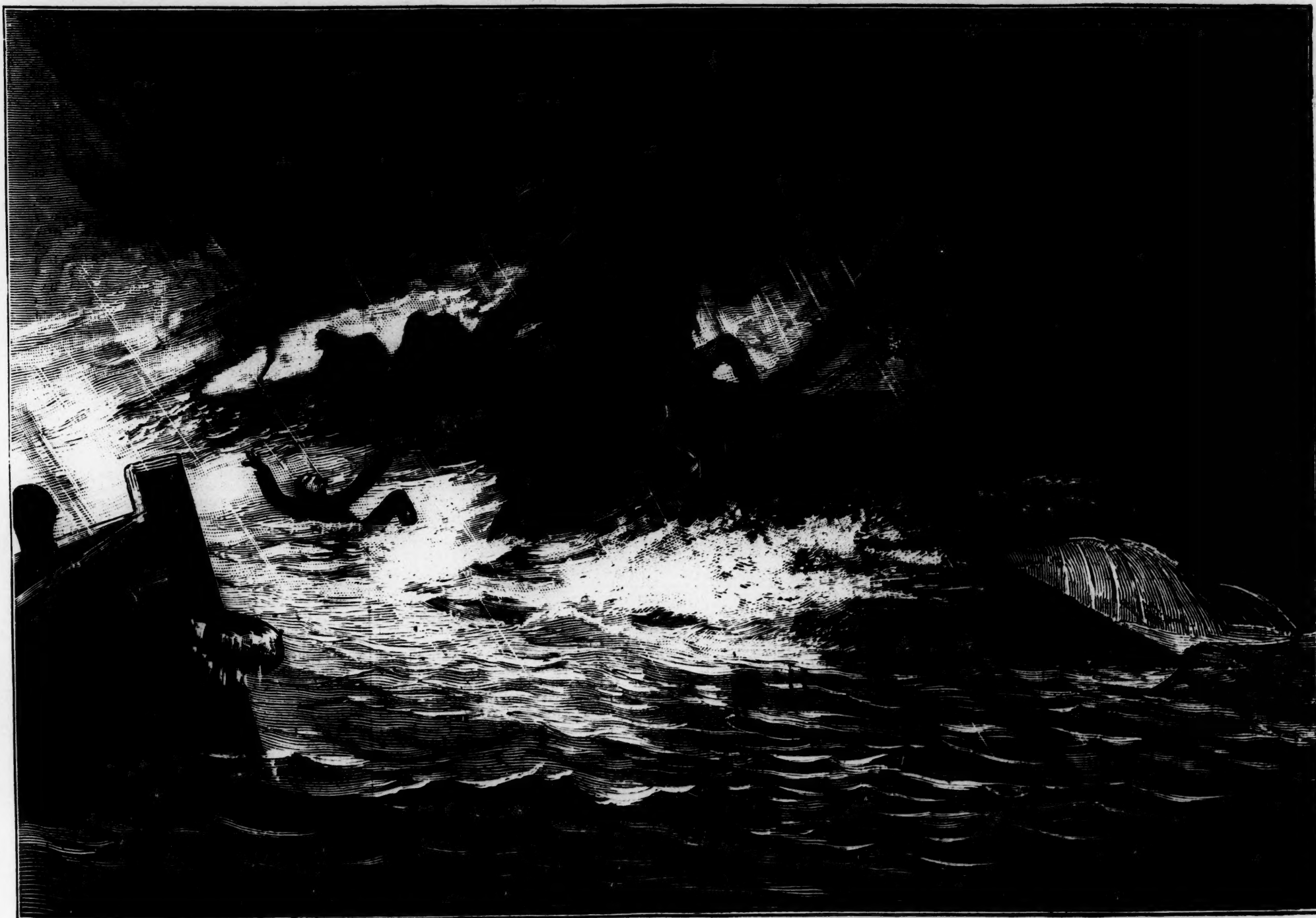
JOSEPH JUMP,  
EXECUTED BEFORE 20,000 PEOPLE AT GALLATIN,  
MO., FOR THE MURDER OF GLADSON.



JOHN SMITH,  
CONVICTED WITH JUMP IN THE KILLING OF W.  
C. GLADSON AT GALLATIN, MO.



THEY STOOD BY HIM.  
MR. JOHN CARDWELL, OF WILKSBORO, N. C., IS SAVED FROM THE GALLOWES BY  
A PARTY OF FRIENDS.



COFFINED IN THE CABIN.  
SIX PHILADELPHIA LADIES AND ONE GENTLEMAN ARE DROWNED OFF SANDY HOOK, BY THE CAPSIZING OF THE SARAH CRAIG.



# A FOUL TALE.

The Astonishing Confession of  
Mrs. Donald Crawford,  
of London.

## DILKE'S VICTIM.

An Amazing Picture of Lust and Sensuality Among English Aristocrats,  
Frankly Drawn by One of  
Themselves.

## WORSE THAN GOMORRAH.

A British Statesman Who Seduces a  
Young Wife Because He Had Been  
Her Mother's Lover.

## BRAZEN-FACED LEWDNESS

How French Vice Found Root and Flourished  
in the Household of a Literary and  
Political Demi-God.

We publish for the first time in this country a verbatim report of Mrs. Crawford's extraordinary confession of marital infidelity—the most hideous exposure of English high life ever made.

The examination of Mrs. Crawford ran as follows:  
Sir J. Hannen: Are you willing to give evidence in this case?—Yes, my lord.

You heard the evidence read which was given by your husband on the last occasion?—Yes.

He said you had made a confession?—Yes.

Is his evidence true that you made a confession?—Yes.

Is it true or not, what you stated with regard to Sir Charles Dilke?—It is true.

Mr. Matthews (to witness): I understand you were married in the latter part of 1881?—In July. How old were you?—Eighteen.

Did you see Sir Charles Dilke in 1881?—Yes, after I was married, at Bailey's Hotel.

Was your husband present at the time?—No.

What took place on that occasion?—Sir Charles Dilke made love to me. When had you last seen him before that?—I think shortly before I was married, at my mother's house. Anything besides making love to you?—Yes; he kissed me, and said he would come to see me again when I came back to London in the spring. He stayed about an hour. What time was that?—About half-past eleven in the morning.

Can you fix a date when you arrived in London by looking at your diary?—Yes; it was Feb. 13, and I stayed with my father and mother.

When did you go to Sidney place?—The next week.

THE FIRST MEETING.

Did you see Sir C. Dilke there?—Yes; he came on the morning of the 21st at about half-past eleven. He asked me to meet him at another house. I refused for a long time, as I did not know what he meant. He then explained, and at last I promised to go. He gave me the address, but would not let me write it down. He made me repeat it, and then he described the house to me. He told me the number, in case I made a mistake, and said it was on the north side of Warren street, and that there were two tall houses beside it. I was to go to the house with the three bells, and was to ring one of them. He asked me to go on the following Thursday, at half-past eleven. I was to drive there in a hansom and change hansom on the way, and to get out and walk to Warren street. When I arrived at the house I was to be let in by a woman, and I was to go straight upstairs to a back room on the first floor, and was not to speak to any one, and Sir Charles Dilke said he would be there to receive me.

Did you go?—Yes.

Do you remember who opened the door to you?—A woman; but I did not look at her. I did not speak to her, but walked straight upstairs. I went into the back room on the first floor.

THE ADULTERER'S NEST.

What sort of room was it?—It was a bedroom. There was a large bed standing against the wall, on the same side as the door. There was a fireplace beside the bed, and I think there were two windows at the end of the room. It was furnished like a bedroom.

Was Sir Charles Dilke there when you arrived?—Yes; in the room. The curtains were drawn, and there were lights in the room.

Did you ask him about the house?—Yes; he said it belonged to an old servant of his, and he made use of it when he wanted it.

Did he commit adultery with you on that occasion?—Yes; he did.

You saw him again on May 6?—Yes.

About what hour did you get to Warren street that morning, do you remember?—I think it was half-past 11. It may have been rather sooner. I think it was about half-past 11.

Do you remember who opened the door on that day?—I think it was the same woman as before.

Did you again go up to the same room without speaking to anybody?—Yes.

Did you find Sir Charles Dilke there?—No; Sir Charles Dilke arrived a minute or two after I did.

Did the same thing occur again when you were there together?—Yes.

Did you leave first?—Yes.

THE MODE OF ADMISSION.

When you went to Sir Charles Dilke's, who let you in?—Sometimes I was let in by the footman—it was not always the same footman—and sometimes Sir



MRS. CRAWFORD.



SIR CHARLES DILKE.

Charles let me in himself. He used to tell me not to drive up to his house in a hansom, as the servants would get to hear; so I always used to come in a hansom, and get out at the corner of Pont street, which is close to his house, and walk down to his place. Sir Charles has a conservatory over his front door, and he used to stand in the conservatory when he knew I was coming. The glass is stained so that you cannot see through, but I could see just his head above it. He used to watch until I came round the corner, and I could see if he was there, and then he used come down and let me in without my having to ring the bell. As soon as I got on to the doorstep he used to open the door. Sometimes when I rang the bell Sir Charles Dilke would be in the dining-room, and then he would come to the door and let me in himself. He always came with his hat on and with his gloves in his hand, to look as though he was going out in case it was not me.

When you got into the house in this way, where did you go to?—I always went up to the blue room on the staircase; but once or twice Sir Charles had not quite finished breakfast, and I sat with him in the dining-room while he finished. But I almost always went straight up into the blue room, whether Sir Charles or the footman let me in.

And from the blue room where used you to go?—Sir Charles Dilke always came to me in the blue room.

Did you go from there to any other part of the house?—Yes, he used to take me up to his bedroom.

NEST HIDING.

Was anything done to prevent your being seen?—He always used to talk a little in the blue room first, and then he used to go upstairs to see there was no one on the staircase, and to shut Mr. Bodley's door. He always said, "Bodley leaves his door open, I must go and shut it." Then he used to go down and fetch me and take me up, and I used to run upstairs as gently as I could, and as there were very thick carpets on the stairs I do not think anyone could hear.

I suppose I need not ask you what you went up to the bedroom for. I suppose it was to commit adultery?—Yes.

Can you describe his bedroom?—Yes.

Except with Sir Charles Dilke have you ever been in the bedroom?—No, never.

Witness was then asked to describe the bedroom, and gave a detailed description.

How long did you stay in the bedroom?—It depended.

It would be from a quarter of an hour to half an hour. Sometimes it might have been a little longer than half an hour, but not often.

Did you leave the room with him?—No; he always went first.

How did you leave?—After he left the room Sarah, the housemaid, used to come in and help me to dress, and she always used to let me out of the house. But I generally used to have to wait until Mr. Bodley had left, so that sometimes I remained in Sir Charles Dilke's room from half an hour to an hour after Sir Charles had left the house. Sarah let me down stairs as soon as Mr. Bodley or the clerk had gone and the staircase was quiet.

Did Sarah come down from the stairs to fetch you when the coast was clear?—Yes; she always came into the room and helped me to dress, and then she used to go and watch on the staircase, and come and fetch me when she knew it was safe for me to go down.

Did she always a company you downstairs?—Always, and the other servants never saw me.

On December 7, 1882, did you see Sir Charles Dilke?—Yes. I was leaving London on December 8. Sir Charles knew I was leaving, and came to say good-bye on the 7th, in the morning. I told him that Mr. Crawford was going to Edinburgh that evening, and that I was going to Durham, but should not go until the following morning. Sir Charles asked me to stay that night at his house.

Where did you dine that night?—With one of my sisters.

HE PERSUADES HER TO SPEND THE NIGHT.

Where did you meet Sir Charles that night?—He asked me to meet him at Hans place at 10 o'clock that evening, and I went to Hans place and met him there. He took me to his house and let me in with his latchkey, and we went up stairs.

Did you spend the night with him?—Yes.

At what o'clock did you leave the house?—I went home between three and four in the morning. I had my latchkey and let myself into the house. I had told the servants not to stay up for me, as I might be late.

Did anybody see you as you left Sir Charles Dilke's house?—Sarah let me out. Sir Charles called her down, and she came and helped me to dress, and let me out of the house.

How often did Sir Charles call upon you in Young street?—About half a dozen times.

Did adultery take place in Young street as well as in Sir Charles' house?—Yes.

Could the room be seen into or seen through?—It might be if there were no blinds or curtains, but there were curtains, and a wicker blind which went up half-way, and generally when Sir Charles came I pulled down the blind half-way, and then no one could see in at all.

Did Sir Charles on any occasion say anything about your mother, and if so, what?—He used to talk about my mother sometimes.

When was that?—I think it must have been in 1882, and also in 1883.

What is it he has said to you?—He said he was her lover.

Did he say anything about yourself?—He used to say that I was very much like my mother, and that that was why he took a fancy to me.

FANNY TURNS UP.

During the year 1883 did Sir Charles ever mention a person of the name of "Fanny"?—Yes; I think it was in the summer of 1883 he first mentioned "Fanny's" name.

What did he say to you about her?—He talked about her by degrees. He said she was the girl he used to sleep with—to spend the night—at his house.

What else has he said about her?—He told me that she was very nice, that she was quite young—about my age or younger than me; and he asked me if I would not like to see her at his house. I said I would not like to see her at all. Sir Charles talked to me about her several times. He said she was supposed to be in service. I asked him how he got hold of her, and he said, "Through Sarah." She was supposed, he said, by her friends to be in service at Brighton, and that he made her write letters to her parents, saying that she was getting on nicely in her situation; that she was living in lodgings in Sloane street, and that Sarah used to let her into his house about 9 o'clock when the other servants were at supper, and that she spent the nights in the house and was let out in the morning. He did not tell me it all at one time; he talked about her several times.

Did you ever see the person called "Fanny"?—Yes. I think it was in August, 1883.

Tell me the circumstances under which you first saw her. Where were you?—I was in Sir Charles' house. He had asked me to meet her several times, and I said I never would. He said he wanted to see us together, and one day, when I was at Sir Charles' house, talking to him in the blue room, he told me that she was in the house, and asked me to see her. I did not want to, and I said I would not. I then went upstairs, and after being in the bedroom some time he brought in the girl from the next room.

Was she dressed or undressed?—

TOO FILTHY EVEN FOR MR. CRAWFORD'S MODESTY.

Witness (to his lordship): My lord, it is necessary I should repeat all that took place.

Mr. Matthews (to witness):—Very well, I won't ask you the question. What happened when Sir Charles brought her into the room?—He wanted me to talk to her, and I wouldn't. She stayed only a few minutes. I burst out crying, and asked him to send her away, as I could not bear her, and he sent her away. I said I would never see her again, as I didn't want to see her again.

Then she went back to the room she came from?—Yes, to an adjoining room.

When did you see her again?—I saw her again in the spring of 1884, when I came back to London. Sir Charles spoke to me about her a good many times, and asked me to see her again. I said I didn't want to see her, but he insisted upon it. One day he brought her into the room whilst I was there. She remained a minute or two, when I asked him to send her away.

Did you ever see her again?—Yes; about a week or fortnight after that.

At Sir Charles Dilke's house?—Yes; in the same way. He told me I was very silly not to like her. He was rather vexed about it, so I let her stay a little longer. She was in the room about ten minutes with Sir Charles and myself.

Were you all three in bed together?—Yes.

Did Sir Charles leave first that morning?—Yes.

Had you any consultation with Fanny?—Yes.

Did she tell you very much what Sir Charles Dilke had told you?—Yes; she told me she was living near Sloane street, and that she was nineteen.

Did you know what Fanny's surname was?—No.

Did you know she was a sister to Sarah?—No.

THE LIASON BROKEN OFF.

Did you have any conversation with Sir Charles Dilke about breaking off the intimacy?—Yes, in the autumn session. I told Mrs. Rogerson we had talked it over, but that nothing was settled.

Well, what was done?—Sir Charles Dilke had tea at my house on two occasions, when we lodged a few doors from his house in Sloane street. There were several others present, but as he came late he stayed later than the others, consequently I was able to be alone with him for about a quarter of an hour. It was on one of these occasions we agreed there should be nothing more between us, but there was no quarrel.

Did you tell him what advice Mrs. Rogerson had given you?—Yes.

Was that acted upon?—Yes. I never saw Sir Charles Dilke alone after the second of these tea parties. He never came to see me again.

Was there ever a quarrel of any sort between you?—No. We had a disagreement. I wanted to break it off earlier, but we made it up again.

In March of the next year do you remember an anonymous letter reaching your husband?—Yes.

Was this one about Sir Charles Dilke?—Yes.

What did he do with it?—He put it in the fire.

Were you at this time on speaking terms with your mother?—No; I have not been on speaking terms with my mother since just after I was married.

Do you know whether your sisters are on speaking terms with your mother?—No; none of my married sisters are on speaking terms with my mother. Neither Mrs. Ashton Dilke nor Mrs. Harrison?—No.

What were the motives that induced you to make that confession to your husband?—It was immediately because of the receipt of the anonymous letters. The anonymous letters made my husband very suspicious, and I knew it was not any good denying it to him, because he would not believe me, and I was extremely miserable with Mr. Crawford. I had never been happy with him at all.

You have spoken about being miserable with him. Let me ask you, had he ever been unkind to you or treated you with anything like unkindness?—No; he never meant to be.

Until your intimacy with Sir Charles Dilke, were you not on terms of affection with him?—I never was in love with him at all. I married him because I was miserable at home, and all my people wanted me to marry him.

He is very much your senior?—Yes.

SHE WANTS TO CONFESS EVERYTHING.

Had you arranged or concerted with anybody that you should make this confession to your husband?—I told Mrs. Rogerson that I could not go on living with my husband much longer, as we were so miserable together; and that the anonymous letters made him so suspicious; because we had been on very bad terms all that summer. I did not concert anything, but I told her I could not stand the life any longer.

You could not stand the life any longer, and therefore you would do what?—I should confess everything.

You had not arranged with anybody?—No.

Had you made any arrangement with Captain Forster to make a confession?—Absolutely none.

Until you went to 65 Warren street, or to Sir Charles Dilke's house, had you ever been unfaithful to your husband?—No, never.

I understand you left your husband's house on the day after you made this confession?—Yes.

At his desire?—Yes, and I went to my sister's. You also saw Mrs. Rogerson that day?—Yes; I went to my sister's and then to Mrs. Rogerson's. I told my sister all about Sir Charles Dilke and about my confession. She was very much horrified and excited, and was anxious to do anything to prevent the case coming into court. I lunched with her that day.

Did she say why she wanted to stop it?—Because it would ruin Sir Charles Dilke.

The morning after the last trial was over did you see any one?—Sir Charles Dilke called, I think on the Tuesday.

What hour in the morning?—About nine or a little later. I was dressing at the time.

Who fetched you down?—Mrs. Ashton Dilke saw him come into the drawing-room, and she came and said Sir Charles wanted to see me. I said I would see him, and I went down and saw Sir Charles.

What took place between you?—He began by stating to me that if I persisted in making this statement it would ruin me and all my family. He pressed me not to come into court. He suggested that I should make the excuse that I made the statement while I was hysterical. He said he could get doctors to say I was hysterical, and then I should be believed.

SIR CHARLES TRIES TO FRIGHTEN HER.

Did he ask you to sign anything?—Yes; he asked me to sign something. He had a lot of papers in his hand, and he wanted me to write on a piece of paper and sign it, stating that my statement to Mr. Crawford was quite untrue, and that I would not stick to it.

He asked you to sign that then and there?—Yes; he said it would put an end to the whole thing. I told him I would not and could not.

Did he use any threats to you?—Yes; he told me that if I made such statements in public about him he would make statements in public about me—about my going with other men; he said he did not care what he did to ruin me and my family; I said he might do his worst.

Was anything said about your promised visit to Mr. Stewart?—Yes; he knew about that, and particularly begged me not to go, as after I had once put it in writing it would be irrevocable; he begged me so hard that I agreed that I would not go to Mr. Stewart that morning or take any other steps for two days; he said if he had two days he might shut the whole thing up.

Was Mrs. Ashton Dilke within hearing or not?—She was in the billiard room the whole time; she could hear, but I do not think she heard anything; she said she would not allow me to sign anything; that I must not take any steps straight off.

How long did Sir Charles Dilke stay?—About half an hour.

[Witness here fell back into a seat behind her, and it was thought she had swooned, but a glass of water and the use of the vinaigrette revived her, and the examination proceeded.]

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

Do you remember on any occasion when you were in Sir Charles' bedroom seeing any one beside himself and Fanny?—On one occasion I saw a door open and saw what I supposed from her dress was one of the maids; she looked into the room, seemed very much startled to see me, and went back again.

Cross-examined by Sir W. Phillimore: I am certain that Sir Charles Dilke threatened that relatives and friends of mine would suffer if I adhered to my statement to my husband. I used to see a good deal of Sir Charles Dilke when I was a child, but for some time before my marriage I saw very little of him.

Sir W. Phillimore: When Sir Charles Dilke kissed you at Bailey's hotel did you resent it?

Witness: He said that I need not mind, as he was a relation. But I did resent it. I did not tell my husband or anybody what took place at Bailey's hotel. When I next saw Sir Charles Dilke we arranged to go to Warren street.

Did you understand that you were to go to Warren street to be seduced by him?—I understood him to mean that. I am certain that the appointment was made two days before the meeting. I am certain that we went to Warren street in the morning. I have never said that Sir Charles Dilke wrote the address down on a piece of paper. That statement is a mistake of Mr. Crawford's. Sir Charles was most careful not to let the address be written down. He repeated it to me to impress it on my memory. I had forgotten the name of the street and the number of the house when I made my confession; but I told Mr. Crawford that I should recognise the house. Three years had elapsed since my visits to Warren street when I told my husband. As to the entry in my diary of the initials "C. W. D." on one of the days when I was with Sir Charles Dilke, I believe it was made at the time



## MYSTERIOUS INITIALS.

Sir W. Phillimore: In another place you will find the initials "F. W." What do they stand for?

The Witness, with some reluctance: Mr. Frederick Warner.

Sir W. Phillimore: What do those initials mean? Witness: I think Mr. Warner came to see me on that day. The initials have no special meaning.

Sir W. Phillimore: Are the initials of Mr. Robert Priestly also in your diary?

Witness: Yes. Do those initials mean anything?—They mean that he came to see me. That is all.

Turn to June 4, 1884: Do you see the initials "H. F."?

For whom do they stand?—Captain Forster.

What meaning have they?—No special meaning. I cannot recollect any.

In two other places you have entered "H. F. comes" and "H. F. leaves."—Yes.

Are not these initials meant as records of adultery committed with the persons whom they designate?—No; certainly not.

Or of appointments made with these persons?—I do not remember to what they refer. They must, I should say, refer to their coming to tea.

Cross-examination continued: I remember the first anonymous letter that my husband received. It said that I had flirted with the students at St. George's Hospital, with Mr. Warner and others. I never saw Mr. Warner at the hospital, nor Mr. Priestly. I had a ride at the hospital.

Sir W. Phillimore: Have you had guilty relations with Captain Forster?

Witness: Must I answer that question, my lord?

The President: If the question is pressed.

Witness: Yes, I have.

Sir W. Phillimore: When did those relations begin?

Witness: In 1884.

Were you aware that Mrs. Ashton Dilke knew you were on intimate relations with Captain Forster?—I knew that she knew that Captain Forster was a friend of mine.

Did you know that she had asked Sir Charles Dilke's advice about it?—I knew Sir Charles Dilke had spoken about it to her.

Had you spoken to Captain Forster about it, or he to you?—Yes; he told me he had a letter from Sir Charles Dilke.

Was he angry about it?—Yes; he was vexed. He thought it was very interfering.

Were you vexed and angry?—Yes.

Were you when the last anonymous letter came to your house, in love with Captain Forster?—I was very much attached to him.

Was there any conversation about marriage with Captain Forster?—No; Captain Forster was engaged to Miss Smith Barry, and was, in fact, married to her shortly afterward, so there could be no conversation about marriage.

Did you know that at the time you were committing acts of adultery with Captain Forster?—Yes.

When did Captain Forster first tell you he was engaged to Miss Barry?—I cannot remember the exact date. My impression is it was in the winter of 1884.

Did you desire a divorce from your husband?—I want to live with my husband any longer.

Did you wish to be free?—I don't think I cared for that.

## SHE TRIES TO SHIELD CAPTAIN FORSTER.

Did you ask your husband not to put in Capt. Forster's name as a co-respondent?—Yes, I did. I did not wish it to appear because I knew he was going to be married.

Did you deny to your husband that you had ever been unfaithful with Capt. Forster?—Yes, I did.

Did you say to him "You have always been on the wrong track, suspecting people who are innocent, and you have never suspected people who are guilty"?—Yes; I did, because he has always been suspicious about the wrong people, but never about Sir Charles Dilke.

Did he say "I never suspected any one except Capt. Forster"?—

Yes; I think I remember that.

And did you say "It was not Capt. Forster; the man who ruined me was Sir Charles Dilke"?—Yes; I said so because it was Sir Charles Dilke who ruined me.

Now, did you say to your husband that he could have ample revenge on Sir Charles Dilke?—I have no recollection of making use of those words.

Did you confess to Mrs. Rogerson your intimacy with Capt. Forster?—Yes.

Did you also tell Mrs. Rogerson you had been guilty of adultery with these other people?—No. I never made such a statement to Mrs. Rogerson at all.

Have you never been guilty with either of them?—No.

Did Sir Charles ever make a statement to you about Mrs. Rogerson?—Yes. Have you said he told you Mrs. Rogerson had been his mistress?—Yes. Had been or was?—Like me, and was so still. Then he told you Fanny had been his mistress. You, your mother and Mrs. Rogerson also, all four had been his mistresses?—Yes. When you were ill did you not send for Mrs. Rogerson?—Yes. Being ill and dull on one occasion you sent for some one who had been Sir Charles' mistress?—Yes. Was it a matter of affection between you and Sir C. Dilke?—I was very fond of him. Did you tell your husband you had no affection for him (Sir Charles)?—Yes. Were you jealous of his other mistresses?—No. Did your affection diminish when Sir Charles told you that he had been your mother's lover?—I only got to know it by degrees. And did it diminish when he told you about his other mistresses?—It went on diminishing when he told me Fanny slept with him nearly every night.

Re-examined by Mr. Matthews, Q. C.: I was introduced to Captain Forster on the 15th February, 1884, at a ball. The following year I became intimate with him.

I need not say that the ordeal you have gone through has been a trying one. Have you any earthly object in coming here but to tell the truth?—No; I should not have come unless it had been necessary.

The witness was about to leave the box when the foreman of the jury asked if she could describe the room and the position of the furniture in the house in Warren street.

The Witness: Certainly. I can draw a plan, if you like.

Sir James Hannen: That will be better.

The witness then with the aid of a pencil and paper, drew a plan of the room in a few minutes, stating that that was all she could remember. This sketch was handed to the jury. One of the latter watched the stairs indicated, and the way the door was approached, to which Mrs. Crawford said she could not be quite certain.

## ALL BUT LOST.

A Fair and Friendless Young Orphan Rescued From a Life of Sin.

## GOOD JOHN CONLIN.

The Hackman Who Stood Between a New Orleans Heiress and a Life of Shame.

John Conlin is a hackman by calling but a nobleman by nature. He has seen considerable of both the dark and sunny sides of life since he first handled the ribbons, some twenty odd years ago, but upon Tuesday, July 20, he had an experience which, with him, will form an epoch in his career. He had left his home in Jersey early in the morning in question and crossed over to the New York side to catch what stray passengers he could. Presently a pretty girl of seventeen or thereabouts, of distinguished mien and the sweet air of innocence, approached him at the foot of Desbrosses street and asked him his vocation. He informed her that he was a hackman. This seemed to relieve the fair inquirer of some doubt she seemed to entertain and with much diffidence and many blushes she asked him to take her to one of the many gilded palaces of sin uptown. The honest fellow stood transfixed. Many requests of a similar nature had been made to him before, but his keen eye told him that this was no ordinary case and that the girl who stood before him had not yet fallen.

As soon as he recovered from his astonishment he asked her why she wished to enter upon such a life. She was reticent at first, but by adroit management he learned that she had run away from a convent in New Orleans the Sunday before, and had taken this step because life had become unendurable there. She said her father, who had been a dry goods man in New Orleans, died eight years ago. Her mother, too, was dead, a daughter of her guardian wished to be rid of the trouble of personally caring for her, he placed her in the Sacred Heart Convent in the French quarter at New Orleans. There, she said, she had been virtually imprisoned, deprived of all social enjoyment and even debarred from seeing friends of earlier days. This state of things she could not bear and she determined to run away from the convent, come to New York, and as she was without money and friends and unable to make a living in any other way, she had resolved to try her fortunes in the path which many before her have entered only to terminate their careers in the Potter's Field.

The hackman thought of his own happy family across the river, of his daughter—the pride of his life—just budding into womanhood, and he determined to save the girl, with or without her consent. First he endeavored to dissuade her, but as she proved obdurate he placed her in his hack, and after giving some instructions to two of his employees he drove off with the young lady and placed her in charge of a lady he knew in the upper part of the city. The lady is a Samaritan, noted for her good deeds in the saving of misguided young women. The hackman had no trouble in persuading her to shelter the girl. The latter at first objected to the arrangement, but when the driver proved firm in the stand he had taken she acquiesced, and is now in safe custody until her guardian, who has been notified of her whereabouts shall put in an appearance and take her to her Southern home.

To a reporter who called upon her at her present abode the lady admitted that she came of a distinguished Hebrew family of New Orleans. Her name was May Marshall and her father the late Thomas H. Marshall, of the well-known dry goods firm of Marshall & Kerns. He, she said, was a descendant of the famous Tom Marshall, of Kentucky, and very proud he was of his descent. His mother was a Jewess and his father an American. Her mother, too, came of a wealthy family, half Italian, half Jewish. Her father died when she was but ten years old and her mother two years prior to that time. She was then placed in the charge of James H. Kerns, her father's partner in business, who was made sole executor of his will and guardian of the daughter. Four years later she met for the first time Louis Feibleman, a youth eighteen years of age, the son of Leo Feibleman, the head of a well-known dry goods firm in New Orleans. The young couple loved each other, and her guardian, fearing that his ward would act with that promptness characteristic of the Southern temperament and marry young Feibleman, packed her off to the convent. He was opposed to the union because of the extreme youth of the twain and because young Feibleman did not occupy as high a social position as his ward.

The young couple remained devoted to each other for two years, exchanging love epistles whenever opportunity offered and the argus-like vigilance of the convent authorities relaxed the least bit. At the expiration of that time Feibleman was sent to Shreveport, La., by his father to open a branch store in that place. Then the young lady began to find life at the convent irksome and its strictness unendurable. She became lovesick, homesick, wretchedly unhappy, and determined to flee from the good Sisters. She bribed the negro porter, induced him to pawn her diamond ring for \$75—of which he retained \$15—and leave the gateway leading out to the street open at 6 o'clock Saturday evening, July 17, when the students of the convent would be in the chapel at prayers. She then slipped away from her comrades, gaining the playground and escaped through the open gate. She then went direct to the depot of the Nashville and Louisville road and bought a ticket to New York for \$32, having thus \$25 left. Her trunk had been sent on by her sable accomplice, and she took the 8 P. M. train for New York, arriving here on Tuesday morning at 6 o'clock, where she fortunately fell into the hands of Hackman Conlin.

The young lady expresses great remorse for her wild action, but is decidedly averse to going back to New Orleans, where she says she will be treated with great

er rigor than ever. She is wealthy in her own right—how much she does not know—and thinks her guardian should allot her enough to live here in the metropolis under the care of some responsible person. She has a dread of returning, and says she would seek employment here in the city before taking that step, let her inheritance go where it may. There can be no doubt that Miss Marshall has a fortune of her own, as the firm, of which her father was the head, was one of the wealthiest in the South, and at the time of his death was enjoying a splendid season of prosperity. How large her fortune is it is impossible to say, but, as she was the only child and heir-at-law, it must be considerable. Ever since her father's death she has been maintained in sumptuous style by her guardian at various schools, including that from which she ran away.

Miss Marshall is a handsome blonde, with a lithe, willowy figure, and languid, dreamy, hazel eyes of an Italian hue, which form a strong contrast to her bright, clear complexion and light, chestnut hair. When lighted up by interest in any subject under discussion, they become positively beautiful. A modest, half-timid air, which has the charm of innocence about it, makes up the *tout ensemble* of Miss Marshall's appearance. With this picture before the eye, how much greater should be the meed of praise awarded to honest John Conlin for his manly, noble action—all the more noble by reason of its rarity—in saving this lovely creature from perdition.

## SHE HAD A REVOLVER AND USED IT.

How a Resolute Woman, "Mad All the Way Through," Put a Highwayman to Flight.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mrs. Kate M. Pincin, of East Montmouth, Me., who has lately been visiting her sister in Auburn, and is perhaps forty years old, and of fine physique, tells a story of a recent attack upon her by a highway robber while on her way from Augusta. Mrs. Pincin started from Monmouth and drove to Gardiner, where she left her team, took a freight train to Augusta, and called at the pension office there for the money which was due her—about \$30.

"Are you not afraid that somebody will rob you?" asked the folks at home that morning before she started. "The road to Gardiner," they said, "is full of dark places, and you are alone and a woman, and it is dangerous."

She thought there was no danger, and declined to inconvenience any one else by the trip. She also declined to take a revolver. Her father, however, took down the revolver, loaded it, put it in a snug place under the wagon seat and told her to use it if occasion demanded. Mrs. Pincin hardly thought of the revolver until she stood by the desk in the pension office counting her money. At this time her eyes met those of a man who had been greedily watching her as she counted it. She put the money in her pocket, and watched the man as he turned on his heel and walked to another part of the office. She didn't see him again in Augusta or on the train to Gardiner.

Mrs. Pincin drove along until she had passed Spear's Corner, when she heard a horse coming behind her as though driven at full speed. She started her own horse a little, but the coming horse was faster than her own. She looked around, and at first glance was startled, for she thought she recognized the man whom she had seen at the office in Augusta. She kept on, driving the horse in the middle of the road, the other every minute coming nearer. The place was secluded and well calculated for robbery. The man drove up so that his horse's head lapped the wheel of Mrs. Pincin's buggy, and then turning to one side of the road drove quickly by. When a rod ahead he pulled up, jumped out and grabbed her horse by the bridle, stopping his own at once.

"What do you want?" said Mrs. Pincin. "I want that money," was the reply. "Fork it over."

As the highwayman turned to look at his horse, and again at her, she suddenly noticed that he was looking into the muzzle of a cocked revolver. There was no trembling in the hand that held it, either. There was a look of resolution, too, in her face, for, as she expressed it, she was not frightened, only "just mad all the way through." The man, with an oath, let his hand drop from the bridle, and jumped into his own buggy.

"Now, sir, you turn toward Gardiner," said Mrs. Pincin, her revolver still covering him at every moment.

The resolute woman watched the man from the minute he dropped her bridle rein until he had turned the wagon and was a hundred yards back on the road on his way toward Gardiner. Then she picked up the reins, tucked the revolver under the seat, and drove home to East Montmouth.

## EGGS FILLED WITH WHISKEY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

An ingenious way of getting around the prohibition law in Rhode Island has been discovered. Several cases of eggs were tipped off by a truck by an accident on Tremont street. On picking up the eggs from the street they were found to be made of porcelain, and, instead of containing the legitimate product of the barnyard fowl, they were all filled with whiskey, each egg holding a "good, square drink," as one of the depredators expressed it. The liquor was put in through a hole in the big end and the hole stopped by cement cloth, which was chalked to resemble the natural colors. The driver of the team said he was taking them from a liquor dealer at the North end to the Providence depot. The cases were marked to hotels in Newport and Narragansett Pier, R. I. There were six cases, of forty-nine dozen each.

## AN AMERICAN SHOT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Francisco Rasares, the naturalized American citizen who was arrested and surrendered the other night without a hearing by County Judge Hoffstetter, upon the demand of Chief of Police Mondragon, of Piedras Negras, Mexico, alleging that he was a horse thief, was taken from the Mexican prison eight hours after his incarceration, carried two miles below Piedras Negras with his hands tied behind him, and brutally shot and buried at the command of Mondragon.

The excitement over this terrible outrage is at a dangerous pitch, and the county officials who were party to it are roundly denounced and will be summarily removed from office.

Newsdealers and subscription agents are particularly requested to send their name and address, on postal card, to Richard K. Fox, Publisher, Franklin Sq., N. Y.

## CHARMED-BY A KITCHEN MAID.

A Husband Leaves His Wife and Child and Elopes With a Servant.

The little city of Westminster, Carroll County, Md., has a sensation in the elopement of Nathan Diehl, a prominent citizen, with Maggie Cushing, a pretty sixteen-year-old servant girl. The couple slipped away from Westminster and went to Baltimore where they stopped at a hotel as man and wife under an assumed name.

It was not until after they had started for Chicago that the story of the scandal became public. Diehl also owns a fine farm near Westminster. His father is very wealthy and prominently known throughout the State. Diehl is thirty years of age. Five years ago he married a lovely girl, Miss Lilly Shire, and the wedding was an event in society. They appeared devotedly attached to each other. One child blessed the union, and then the loving wife began to notice a coolness in her husband. At first she could not understand it. He seemed to manifest more than ordinary solicitude for the good-looking servant girl, Maggie, however, seemed so shy and innocent, and the wife had so much faith in her husband, that she would not believe him untrue. Finally, however, Diehl began to take the girl out riding and on excursions, leaving his wife at home to do the servant's work.

The good wife bore this patiently for a while, as her husband would excuse himself by saying that Maggie was a good girl, so ladylike, and how he felt such an interest in her, and would like to adopt her. Nearly every Sunday Diehl and the girl could be seen riding behind a pair of fast horses through Westminster and the neighboring country while his wife was at home weeping.

Finally the wife told him a couple of weeks ago that the girl must leave him and the house or she would. She was no longer mistress in her own house—the servant had exchanged places with her. Diehl denied anything criminal, but the girl was sent away. In a few days, however, Mrs. Diehl discovered that her husband was continuing his visits to Maggie, and found some letters from the girl to Diehl in which plans for an elopement were discussed. Again the wife charged her husband with infidelity. He denied it, as before, but she produced the letters. That settled it.

"Now," said Mrs. Diehl, "you or I have got to go."

"Well," said he, "I'll go."

Immediately after this he began to make preparations. He had all the wheat on his farm threshed and sent to market. He received about \$2,000.

He brought Maggie Cushing from the town over to the farm and locked her in the grainery. Then he went home to his wife and treated her very kindly. He tried to induce her to drive over to a friend's house for a short visit. She declined. Not being able to get rid of the wife he slipped the girl away.

Next day the couple disappeared. The almost broken-hearted wife and her child have returned to her former home. Officers have been in Baltimore looking for Diehl to serve attachments on him. His creditors' claims amount to about \$7,000. His father had indorsed most of the paper. The scandal has been a terrible blow to the Diehl family.

## A BOMB FOR A PRINCE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

"A bomb! By God, a bomb!" shouted Coroner Mememer, as he sprang from his seat on the starboard side of the after cabin of the Sylvan Stream, which carried Prince Leopoldo Auguste, of Brazil, and his suite from Bay Ridge at 10 o'clock the other night.

At the same instant a stream of fire spurted from under the seat and there was a rush of people from the threatened danger. A man in a Norfolk jacket and a straw hat sprang toward the spurring bomb, and setting it in his hands rushed forward with it through the crowd of affrighted passengers, now thoroughly alarmed by the cries of "A bomb! a bomb!" that were shouted through the boat and cast it hissing and sputtering in the stream.

The Brazilian prince stood on the forward part of the upper deck during the excitement, and when the officers who accompanied him heard the cries they formed a circle around him until the threatening missile had disappeared under the tide. For a few moments there was the wildest excitement on board, and one of the lady passengers fainted and a number of them cried out with terror.

## STRUCK BY A STREAK OF LUCK.

The Treasurer of the Grand Opera House Gets \$5,000 on a One Dollar Investment in The Louisiana State Lottery.

One of the happiest little families in New York is that of John H. Bones, the well-known and popular treasurer of the Grand Opera House. He resides with his wife and two pretty baby daughters on the second floor of the neat flat house, 240 West Forty-fifth street. For the last four months Mr. Bones and three of his friends of the Grand Opera House have been chipping in 25 cents weekly to purchase one-fifth of a ticket in The Louisiana State Lottery. On July 5th the Grand Opera House closed, and on the following day Mr. Bones went to Windsor, Canada, for a vacation. Before starting, however, he wrote to a friend in New Orleans inclosing \$1, and asking him to purchase one-fifth of a ticket in the next drawing of the lottery, at the same time telling his wife to examine carefully the number of the ticket when it arrived at his house, and to buy the *Daily News* on Wednesday, July 14, so that she could compare the number of the ticket with the numbers of the capital prizes in the *News*. When Mrs. Bones saw that ticket No. 77,227 had drawn the second capital prize of \$25,000 she could hardly believe her eyes, for that was the number of the fifth ticket which she had received, and consequently her husband was entitled to \$5,000. She immediately cut out the dispatch in the *News* and forwarded it in a note to her husband. The latter, upon verifying his good luck, lost no time in returning to this city. He went at once to Adams Express Company, where he exchanged his ticket for a receipt of \$5,000. On Tuesday last the express company delivered to him a canvas bag containing 250 twenty-dollar gold pieces. Yesterday Mr. Bones deposited \$2,000 in bank in his own name, \$1,000 in that of his wife and \$1,000 in each of his children's. Most of the money was deposited in the Bleeker Street Savings Bank.

Mr. Bones said last night: "I think I was very fortunate in drawing this large prize, when I had all the ticket myself. The total amount of money expended by me in The Louisiana State Lottery is \$12. I shall not hesitate to invest it in again."—*New York Daily News*, July 29.





RUDOLPH SCHNAUBELT.



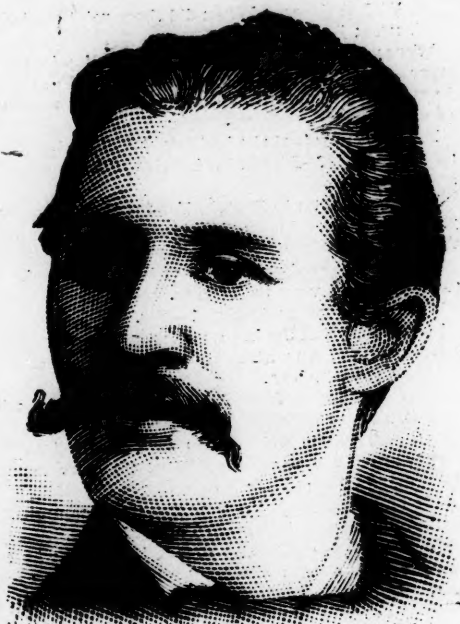
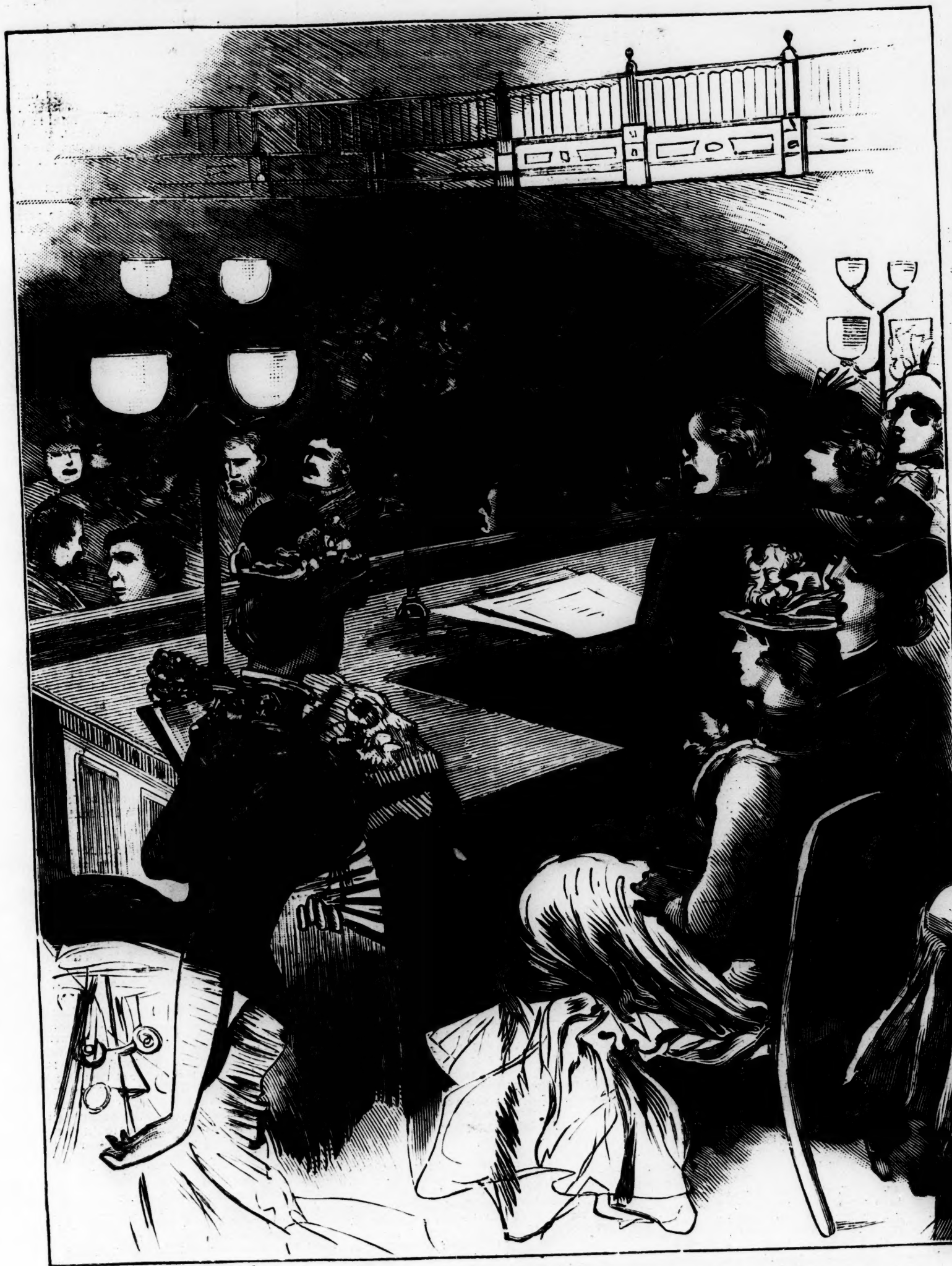
A. R. PARSONS.



CHRISTIAN SPIES.



MICHAEL SCHWAB.



AUGUST SPIES.



SAM FIELDEN.

## THE CHICAGO ANARCHISTS' TRIAL.

HOW AUGUST SPIES AND COMPANY HAVE TO STAND UP AND FACE THE MUSIC OF A TRIAL FOR WILFUL MURDER,  
WITH PORTRAITS.





## ROAST COON.

MARY HOLLENBECK OF TATNALL COUNTY, GEORGIA, IS BURNED TO DEATH FOR A HIDEOUS ACT OF CANNIBALISM.



## WAS IT A HOAX?

THE PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY TO WHICH THE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF BRAZIL WAS TREATED ON A CONEY ISLAND STEAMBOAT.



## PUGILISTIC NEWS.

## A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenal Events of the Week.

Pat Killen and Paddy McDonald are matched to box four rounds in Danuth, Minn., at some time to be hereafter agreed upon.

Jack Welch is after Dominick McCaffrey again. He offers to meet him in a room and will bet \$500 of his money that he can whip him.

Jerry Murphy and Jimmy Kelly, the champion boxers, who recently returned from England, are now a drawing card in Boston.

Billy Manning, of Fort Worth, Texas, writes: "I am thinking of coming east to try and make a match with some of the light-weighters. I am here trying to get up a match. I go from here to Kansas City."

John Roddy, Butler's "unknown," refused to continue a six round fight after the third round at Clark's Olympic Club, Philadelphia, on June 28. Alf Lunt, the referee, declared his opponent, John Banks, who is the champion colored middle-weight of the world, the winner.

Frank Herald and William Bradburn, have signed articles for a ten round glove contest, Queensberry rules, with hard gloves, to take place at the Exposition grounds, Allegheny City, Pa., during the second or third week of September, the day yet to be agreed upon. The referee and timekeepers to be selected on the grounds, and the winner to receive 60 per cent.

Just as the "Police Gazette" had gone to press arrangements were completed for a 10-round glove contest between John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist of America, and Frank Herald, of New York. The match is to be decided on Aug. 14, in Hudson county, N. J. The contest will be governed by Queensberry rules, and the referee and timekeepers will be selected on the ground. Sullivan has been quietly training from the Central Park Hotel for the past two weeks, while Herald has been training for the past week at Bayonne, N. J. Sullivan is in better condition than he has been for some time past. The contest will create a furore in sporting circles throughout the country. The match is for gate money, and the winner to take 75 and the loser 25 per cent.

The following explains itself:

Sporting Editor POLICE GAZETTE:

In looking over the Boston Herald, I see that Jack Burgess has placed a forfeit of \$100 in your hands to fight any 100-pound man in the country. If that is the truth and not wind, I will fight him for \$500 or \$1,000 a side five weeks after signing articles, and give him 10 pounds; or I will fight any middle-weight man in the country for \$1,000 and the championship, London rules, kid gloves, to a finish. Hoping to hear from you soon,

I remain, respectfully, Yours McGee, 714 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Here is a chance for Burgess to arrange a match. What say, Bold Jack of Brooklyn?

Not being satisfied with the result of his recent matches with Frank Glover and with his last meeting with Patsy Cardiff, which he attributes to being out of condition, William Bradburn is anxious for another go at one or both of them, and his backer, William Rogers, of the Stock Yards House, Town of Lake, has issued the following challenge:

CHICAGO, Aug. 1.

To the Sporting Editor:

I will back William Bradburn against any man in the world, bar John L. Sullivan, Frank Glover, of Chicago, and Patsy Cardiff, of Minneapolis, preferred, for a fight to a finish with kid gloves, for \$1,000 a side, or any part of it. The fight to take place in from six to nine weeks, at any suitable place. If either of them accepts the challenge I will post a forfeit of \$100, the balance—\$900 a side—to be posted five days before the fight.

WILLIAM ROGERS.

A brutal fist encounter occurred thirteen miles back of Covington, Ky., on July 29, between Pat Leary of Cardiff, Wales, and Joe Ridge of Pittsburgh. The men shook hands and went at it hammer and tongs. Vicious and hard blows were dealt, and for three minutes the men fought fiercely without any decided advantage on either side. Leary was bleeding slightly at the nose. In the second round both men began with hard fighting, Leary seeming to get the worst of it. Toward the close he struck Ridge on the nose, bringing blood, but Ridge countered, striking him on the chest and nearly knocking him off his pins. Leary opened the third round by striking Ridge under the left eye. Ridge in return made a mad rush upon his opponent, forcing him against the ropes. Then the men sparred cautiously to the close of the round. From this time until the twelfth round Leary had the best of the fight, punishing Ridge severely. The twelfth was the final round. Ridge was knocked flat in his corner and was unable to come to the scratch when "time" was called. The fight was awarded to Leary. Ridge presented a most pitiable appearance. His face was swollen almost beyond recognition and his whole person was covered with blood. Leary had but one mark on him and was in good condition after the fight.

A large crowd of sporting men assembled at the Police Gazette office on July 29, to witness a fist encounter being arranged between Jack Glyn, of Brooklyn, E. D., and Frank Herald, of New York. The former had challenged Herald to box according to "Police Gazette" rules, on July 28, which deal E. F. Mallahan, Herald's backer, accepted, and yesterday was the day named for signing articles, etc. Among the sporting men present were Frank Stevenson, Billy Madden, Tom Campbell, Jack McAuliffe, Bob Smith, John Shanley of Brooklyn, and E. F. Mallahan. Glyn was not present but Shanley acted in his behalf, while E. F. Mallahan arranged the match for his champion. After a long discussion about the time and place of fighting, both parties came to terms and articles of agreement were signed for Glyn and Herald to box eight rounds according to "Police Gazette" rules, the winner to take the whole of the gate money. The match is to be decided at New Dorp, Staten Island, on Saturday, Aug. 16. Glyn stands 5 feet 10½ inches in height, weighs 170 pounds. He has fought six several well-contested fist encounters with Jack Lynch, Jim D. McNelly, of Paterson, N. J. He defeated the Hunter's Point Slasher and several other big men. Brooklyn sporting men think that he is a wonder and they will back him heavily to defeat Herald.

About 2,000 people witnessed the 8-round glove contest at the Leiland rink, Minneapolis, Minn., on July 26, between Tommy Warren, of Louisville, and Collins, of Pittsburgh, for the feather-weight claim-ship of the world. Hank Seely had been edged at upon as referee. Collins was the first to appear, attended by Jerry Murphy. Warren soon followed, with Patsy Cardiff as his attendant. Prof. Donaldson and Mark Meyers officiated as timekeepers. The principals were well introduced to the audience, and were the recipients of an equal amount of applause. Warren made the best impression. He looked to be in the pink of condition, his arms and legs showing good muscular development. He did not appear to have an ounce of superfluous flesh on his body. Collins, on the contrary, seemed to show a need of training, although his styling powers after proved that his appearance somewhat belied him.

Round 1.—At the call of "time" Collins took the initiative and made a jump which Warren easily avoided. Cautious sparring followed, when Warren got in a hard left-hand blow on Collins' ribs that called forth fresh applause. Collins made one or two ineffectual rushes which Warren easily ducked.

2.—Warren, after some preliminary sparring, got in a swinging clip that nearly took Collins' off his feet. Then followed some clever short-arm work in which the honest wide nearly even. This round was not eventful, and at its close a little crimson at the mouth on Collins showed that Warren had cut the "first blood."

3.—This round was much like the preceding. Warren took things coolly and Collins attempted considerable rushing. The latter generally fell short at long range and evidently thought he must force the fight. At the close, however, Warren made a rush which drove Collins to his corner where he nearly fell over a chair.

4.—Collins caught Warren a heavy one in the breast, but it was too high to be effective. Warren retaliated with short, sharp face blows. At the close Warren slipped and fell, but many in the audience gave Collins credit for a knock-down.

5.—This was characterized by quick chain work. Warren used his right in its style, and the superiority of his fighting tactics became apparent.

6.—Collins got in a terrific smash, which Warren ducked as usual, retaliating with a savage upper cut with his left. He swung his right into Collins' face a half a dozen times, Collins returning the compliments with blows which seemed to tank them. At the finish Warren got in a hard "on in the ribs."

7.—Collins danced up to the center briskly. After sparring for an opening, Warren planted a heavy blow in the pit of the stomach. At this there were numerous cries of "four," and Murphy, Collins' second, rushed between the men. The referee refused to allow the claim, and the fight went on.

8.—This proved the hottest of the match. Collins started in with a rush and the men fought close quarters for the first half. Warren tried several body blows, which Collins managed to stop, Warren had the best of the round, as usual, but Collins took his medicine manfully, and it was given and taken until time was called. There was a unanimous call for another round from the crowd, but Col. Chase mounted the stage and refused to allow the contest to go further. The referee, in giving the match to Warren, said: "You can see that neither man is badly worsted, but as the police refuse another round I give it as my decision that Warren has had the best of it, and therefore wins the match." There were mingled cheers and hisses from the crowd at this, although the majority were satisfied with the decision.

The match was one of the most exciting and interesting that has ever taken place in Minnesota. Both men displayed good science and staying qualities, and the contest was sufficiently close to awaken a great deal of enthusiasm among the spectators. Warren clearly had the best of it all through, his playing the better generally and doing the most execution. His tactics are something of the Dempsey order and he took things coolly, avoiding punishment, watching his opportunity and leaving few openings. Collins was full of vim and pluck, and his bantam-like activity was wonderful. He made a very good display and stood to his work in a way that won him many friends. At the close of the last round there was, of course, the usual eagerness for another round, but this was unnecessary to obtain a decision. The referee's decision was generally satisfactory. Marsh Byers, Collins' backer, acknowledging its justice. Collins, he claimed, was not properly trained, and he wants to match him against Warren for a ten-round match. Jerry Murphy of Minneapolis also wants to meet Warren. Warren also agreed to accept both offers, and is willing to meet Collins in three weeks and Murphy in six weeks. If the latter will reduce his weight to 125 pounds. Four ounces were used in the contest and neither man was much punished.

The long pending glove contest recently arranged at the Police Gazette office between Jake Kilrain, of Baltimore, formerly of Cambridge, Mass., and Billy Madden's champion, Jack Ashton, was decided at Ridgewood Baseball Park, Brooklyn, on Saturday afternoon, July 31. The match was to have been decided on July 3, at Washington Park, this city, but the powers that be would not allow the move to take place. It was then settled that the contest should take place at Jersey City, where the Board of Aldermen refused to allow it to be decided unless they had control of the law. Billy Madden finally engaged Ridgewood Park, and the law and order clause again tried to stop it and failed. The numerous reports that the affair would be stopped, however, kept thousands away who would have been present. Ashton had gone through a thorough preparation at the Hub, presided over by Frank Moran, of Bridgeport, while Kilrain was also trained for the encounter. Both men are so well known in athletic circles that had it been known that the men would meet sporting men from all parts of the country would have come on to witness the affair, and there would have been more than five hundred present. Under Sheriff Golden and a posse were on the grounds early in the day, but no attempt was made to interfere with the fight. The Marquis of Queensberry rules governed, and the winner was to receive the gate receipts. At twenty-five minutes to seven o'clock Kilrain made his appearance, quickly followed by Ashton. Tommy Evans and John Murphy seconded Kilrain, and William Madden and Mike Leary acted as seconds for Ashton. Gus Tutill and Frank Moran were timekeepers, with Patrick Johnson, an old-time sport, as referee. Both pugilists were stripped to the waist and were in fine condition. Ashton weighed 174 pounds and stood 5 feet 10½ inches high, and Kilrain weighed 176 pounds, and was half an inch shorter than Ashton. Ashton had stood before mighty thumpers and smiled, and no man up to sundown Saturday had licked him. Kilrain very rarely smiles, but in a serious and very business-like way he had met Charley Mitchell, Jack Burke, Mike Cleary and half a dozen others of the same soundness and had not been worried very much. He, like Ashton, had an unbroken record of glory.

Round 1.—In the first round Kilrain's very first move was to shove the fighting, and Ashton was apparently willing that he should. The first blows fell short, and then Kilrain led off with two heavy ones on Ashton's body and one in the face, which Ashton resented with half a dozen large and sounding whacks in Kilrain's face in as many seconds. Kilrain rushed in and they clinched, and when they broke away Ashton struck Kilrain a heavy one in the forehead and followed him to his corner, where they clinched again, and in the struggle bore down the ropes. In breaking away Ashton hit Kilrain a full straight blow in the face, which dashed Kilrain so that he staggered for a second or two. He rushed at Ashton and from that time to the end of the round he hit hard and often. While Kilrain got in the most blows in this round Ashton's blows were heavier, and Kilrain was pale when he went to his corner.

2.—In the second round Ashton took the wind out of Kilrain's policy by starting in first. His right landed heavily on Kilrain's head. A clinch followed. While in each other's arms both struck savagely at each other's ribs. When they got away Ashton hit Kilrain a body blow that could be heard a block. Kilrain took it very seriously, and plunged at Ashton with a vengeance. He struck Ashton three times squarely in the ribs and once in the nose with the force of an uncharitable catapult. Kilrain's efforts, however, seemed to tire him, and Ashton was quick to take advantage of the slightest indication in that direction. He resented Kilrain's blows with three corks on the chest and followed with a cordial one on Kilrain's face. Both men were puffing, and their bare chests looked as if they had been roused. This round was about even.

3.—Ashton again started off to annihilate his solemn-looking friend, but Kilrain was there all the time. He got in three left-handed upper cuts that would have staggered a horse. Ashton never wincing, and reciprocated with more body blows. The men clinched several times in this round, and every time as they broke away Kilrain managed to get in a tily blow until the very last round, when Ashton came off with a straight-handed shot on Kilrain's nose and got first blood.

4.—The men were not a little fatigued. They sparred for wind, and when the fifth round came around it was one of the toughest in the fight. Ashton hit Kilrain a resounding one on the chest, and Kilrain turned upon him and again forced the fighting. Ashton, however, was there just the same, and as plucky as a bulldog. In this round Kilrain struck Ashton fourteen heavy blows and Ashton answered with quite as many. These were followed by fierce clinching, and when Kilrain again attempted to force the battle Ashton sent a fierce right-hand into his right eye, cutting a gash and nearly closing it. When time was called both were panting heavily, but very game.

6.—This round was tame. In the seventh both men were well pounded in the head, body and neck, and when they went back to their corners to get ready for the eighth and last round it was a toss up who had achieved the most glory and did the most pounding. Billy Madden told Ashton to keep in the centre of the ring, and Stevenson shouted to Kilrain: "Don't wait a second—go for him." Ashton smiled at this and went for Kilrain. Kilrain stopped him and hit him heavily in the face. Ashton, for the first time in the fight, began to show signs of weakness. He continued to smile, but he couldn't hit very hard, and when Kilrain rushed at him and hit him heavily on the head and chest, after a clinch during which they edged toward Kilrain's corner. Ashton appeared to grow weaker every second. He was game, but he was tired, and when Kilrain struck him two more blows on the face Ashton wincing. In return he gave Kilrain one of the heaviest blows in the fight. This seemed to madden Kilrain, and resorting again to his terrible left-hand upper cut, he forced Ashton into a corner, where they clinched. The ropes bent under their combined weight. Kilrain fighting hard all the time, and Ashton, with but one foot on the platform, returning the blows at short distance as best he could. They struggled back so that Ashton was fairly on the platform again, and Kilrain continued to pound away. They were still in each other's arms when time was called. They were pulled apart by Billy Madden, and Referee Towner said that Kilrain had won the fight. Kilrain walked over to Ashton's corner and shook hands with him. Both were pretty well used up. Kilrain's face had suffered more damage than Ashton's. Time, 29 minutes 15 seconds. Billy Madden is not satisfied with the decision of the referee, and has offered to match Ashton to fight again in a week. Ashton will fight Kilrain, in fact, a stated number of rounds, or to a finish, the winner to take everything. Ashton is confident he can whip Kilrain.

## SPORTING NEWS.

## TO PATRONS AND PROMOTERS OF MANLY SPORT.

The editorial parlors of this newspaper are always at the disposition of all classes of bona fide sporting men, whether they call out of curiosity, to obtain information or arrange matches. No such offices are to be seen anywhere else in the world. Among their remarkable attractions are championship, trophies and badges, magnificent trophies and pictures and other objects of exceptional interest. Not the least notable of these is the celebrated portrait, by the well-known artist, Dromen, of John L. Sullivan, which is a full-length picture representing the champion in full ring costume. It stands five feet in height, and is conceded to be the most striking portrait of a pugilist in existence. Sporting men, in addition to these features, are assured of a cordial and hospitable greeting.

Sir Joseph, the three-year-old, by Glenelg, dam Susan Linnwood, has been sold to David Paisley for \$4,000.

The old trotter, Smith's Honest Allen, died at the stock farm of Richmond Smith, Concord, on July 23, twenty-six years of age.

W. D. Pascoe will back Jack Carcock, the wrestler, against any man in America for any amount of money. Joe Acton is preferred, for \$500 a side.

The Queen City Rowing Club, of Buffalo, has deposited \$100 with a challenge to the West End Rowing Club, to row a four-oared match race 5 miles, for \$500 a side.

Courtney, the carman, has offered to row Hanlan, and Richard K. Fox now proposes to back Hanlan for \$2,500 against Courtney or any other man in the world.

Rico, with 90 pounds up, rode by Fuller, at Chicago, on July 28, ran 7 furlongs in 1:27½, which is equal to the best on record, as made by Joe Cotton at Sheepshead Bay.

Abie Smith, well-known in this city, is training Prof. B. J. Dawson to run Andrew J. Ealy at New Albany, Ind. Dawson and Ealy ran at New Albany, Ind., on July 31, for \$200 a side.

Harry Wilkes was decorated with a saddle of flowers after winning the free-for-all race at Detroit. He cut a quarter of a second off his record at Cleveland this week, when he trotted in 2:14½.

The title to the property of Narragansett Park, Providence, R. I., was last week transferred to the Domestic Industrial Society for \$38,000. The society will hold the State fair there in September.

W. M. Judd, of Ashland, Wis., writes as follows: I hereby challenge John Cuse, of Milwaukee, Wis., to fight me within four weeks from signing articles with hard gloves to a finish for \$50 a side and gate receipts.

Mike Coburn writes: "I see that John Shanley is anxious to match Jack Glyn. I wish to state I am ready to match my 'big'un,' Jimmy Nixon, against Glyn, for from \$100 to \$500 a side, two weeks from signing articles."

There is a match arranged between the heavy weights, William Bradburn and Frank Herald for a 10-round glove contest at Exposition Park, Pittsburgh, Pa., to come off shortly. Eph Morris, the carman, is training Bradburn.

Big John Seestick, trainer for the Spring Hill stock farm and driver of the trotter Bonemaster and pacer Brown Jag, was robbed of \$300 on a steambath on his way from Cleveland to Detroit on July 26—\$400 in cash and a check of \$500, which his pacer Brown Jag had won.

On July 30, at Cleveland, Budd Doble, the well-known driver of Chicago, bought of W. H. Wilson of Cynthiana, Ky., for \$4,000, the bay colt San Gabriel, one year old, by Sultan, dam Minnehaha. San Gabriel is a fine colt of great size and promising ability as a trotter.

Jim Gibbons, of Paterson, N. J., is stopping at Tom Bales' "Police Gazette" Shades, St. John, N. B. On July 13 Gibbons fought Mike Bogan 5 rounds, Queensberry rules, for a purse. The police stopped the affair just as Bogan was whipped, and the referee declared Gibbons the winner.

Jim Sullivan, of Chicago, and Miles McGurk, of Boston, two miners, engaged in a fist encounter near Barry Station Pa., on July 28, with nature's weapons unadorned, according to the new rules. The battle was an obstinate one. Ten rounds were fought, lasting 30 minutes, when Sullivan knocked McGurk senseless by a right-hand on the jaw, and won the battle.

Jack Dempsey, the middle-weight champion pugilist, was married at St. Francis' Catholic Church in East Portland, Oregon, on July 27, to Miss Maggie Reid, Rev. Father Veerhaag officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Dempsey left next day for San Francisco on a bridal tour. Dempsey announces that he has permanently retired from the prize-ring, and that he will engage in business here on his return.

A desperate prize fight, which ended fatally, was decided in Wales, England, on July 21. A cable gives the following meagre particulars: A prize fight, which resulted in the death of one of the contestants, has taken place at Rhonda, Wales. The pugilists were named Evans and James. Thirty-two rounds were fought. Evans was carried to his home in a horrible condition and died shortly after his arrival there.

Some wonderful trotting was done at the Cleveland meeting on July 30. Barkle won the unfinished 2:10 class trot, taking two heats in 2:19½ and 2:24. The 2:20 class trot was won by Palo Alto in 2:21, 2:23½, 2:21. Mark took the first heat in 2:23½. The free for all, pacing, was won by Gosselin in 2:11, 2:16½, 2:15½. Dan D. took the first heat in 2:15. The 2:17 class event was won by Arab in three straight heats. Time, 2:18½, 2:19½, 2:19½.

A desperate prize ring encounter with bare knuckles was decided on July 27 at Michigan Centre lake, near Jackson, Mich., between George Peters, of Detroit, and Edwin Halley, of Montreal, both colored. Three rounds were fought. Peters was knocked down in the second round, and Halley was struck in the neck in the third. This knocked him out. The party arrived on the day express, accompanied by about one hundred sports.

Jim Gust won the Great Western handicap, a mile and a half, in 2:34, at Chicago, Ill., which equals the record made by Luke Blackburn at Monmouth Park in 1880. Luke was then three, and carried 102 pounds, while Jim Gust is four, and his weight was but 98 pounds. Joe Cotton won the race last year as a three-year-old, with 107 pounds up and his time was 2:35½, winning very easily by two lengths, while Jim Gust was pushed to do his best by Punks.

At Ashland, Wis., recently, W. M. Judd and Pat Kennedy, champion heavy weight of Northern Michigan, and Judd, the champion of Northern Wisconsin, had a fight with 4-ounce gloves, Marquis Queensberry rules, to a finish. Both showed up to good advantage and in good trim. Judd started off by knocking his man down nine times in the first and six in the second, and so on for twenty minutes, and Judd was declared the winner of the purse of over fifty dollars and gate receipts.

On Aug. 18, at W. at Brighton Beach, a volunteer fireman's tournament will be held, open to all organized fire companies from adjoining towns and villages. Entrance fee, \$1.00 to be sent to the executive committee, John Lyman, Geo. Lawrence, or Geo. Skinner, West Brighton Beach, before Aug. 12. Prizes, \$100 in money, first prize, for quickest hose-carriage run; \$50 for second prize, \$25 for third prize, trumpet for fourth prize; also prize of \$50 for best equipped company with carriage. Money in hands of Richard K. Fox.

Jack McAuliffe's admirers flocked to the White House, 152 Grand street, Williamsburgh, in large numbers recently and congratulated the light-weight champion of America on the success of his week at Clark's Club theatre, Philadelphia, where Jack boxed all comers during the week. Charley McCarthy, who made such a gallant struggle with Jack Dempsey at the Casino last spring, had four rattling rounds with McAuliffe. They were hot and heavy rounds, and McAuliffe won. McCarthy, Carroll and Billy These fell victims to Jack in successive meetings.

The glove contest between Jim Dillon, of California, and Dum McDonald, of Montana, at the Walker Opera House, Salt Lake City, July 15, drew out a large portion of the sporting class of that city. It was a six-round contest with six-ounce gloves, Queensberry rules to govern, for \$250 a side, and the winner to take 75 per cent. and the loser 25 per cent. of the receipts, the best

man at the end of the sixth round to be declared the winner. The first three rounds did not amount to much, but in the other three some pretty work was done. In the sixth round both men reeled and staggered about the ring and neither one seemed to have strength to raise his arms. The referee decided that he could not decide the match in favor of either and called it a draw, which caused considerable dissatisfaction among the audience.

The Robert A. Slade-Moari combination was at Kimball Hall, Denver, Nevada, on July 31. The set-to between Slade and Ed. Smith was a scientific display of the manly art. The wind up between Joe Brown, light weight of Cal., and Sam Walter Hallagan, champion light weight of Bene, fought to a finish, and was a game fight. Brown was badly punished. The fight and stakes were awarded to Hallagan, and the Police Gazette correspondent in cooperation with Slade, in regard to John L. Sullivan's bold del for the benefit of Home Rule, Slade said: "John L. Sullivan can take any man, Paddy Ryan, Dominick McCaffrey and myself one after another in an evening and was all for any amount, and don't you forget it, as I have traveled with Sullivan long enough to know whereof I speak."

When Pierre Laflamme sold his filly Dewdrop to the Dwyers last winter for \$25,000 he parted with the best three-year-old of the year, and probably the greatest racing filly ever bred in America. This, at least, is the opinion of many competent and critical observers who watched Dewdrop in the race through the mud in Monmouth Park, for the Fallisde Stakes, at Long Branch, on July 31. She carried seventeen pounds more than Mr. Caspatt's strapping colt Eolian, conceding the same weight to Green Morris' colt Con Oregan, by Ten Broeck, and the Melbourne Stable's colt Ed. Gilman, by St. Martin. Eolian was in splendid form. Many of the bookmakers laid less than 5 to 1 against him, while the odds were 5 to 1 on the filly. McCaughy came from Saratoga to ride Dewdrop. He held her back until within a few yards of home, where Eolian led by a neck, and the other pair were beaten off. While thousands were holding their breath preparatory to a grand outburst for Eolian, McCaughy loosened his hold on Dewdrop. Half a dozen simple sweeping strides sent the filly in the easiest of winners by half a length. Then came the shouting. And what a wild outburst it was.

Gus Sundstrom, the professional swimmer, dressed as a longshoreman, stood on the aft deck of the Hamilton Ferry boat Atlantic as she left the pier on July 28. He startled the people on board and annoyed the captain by jumping overboard when the boat got out in the stream. The Atlantic was stopped just long enough for Sundstrom to be seen in her wake stripped of his longshoreman disguise and swimming bravely along with the flood tide up the river. A small boat from the shore followed him. Sundstrom's brother Al was in the boat, and his mother and sister waved their handkerchiefs to him from the Dwyer street dock. Sundstrom was to swim 16 miles to High Bridge in 4 hours for a wager of \$100 between two members of the club. He forced a head wind, the tide up the East river, under the bridge and among the ferry boats and tags, through the west channel past Blackwell's Island. He had suffered from the first from pains in his eyes, due to the porpoise grease with which his skin had been coated, and just north of the Island he got into the boat and bashed his eyes in fresh water. Then he continued his swim, having lost about 15 minutes, and reached High Bridge in 4 hours and 5 minutes from the time of starting.

A prize fight was fought on the road between Waterbury and Bridgeport, on July 28, for the championship of Connecticut, between Jack Gilmore and Gus Zills, with skin gloves. Gilmore is well known as the John W. Allen of skating fame, formerly of Providence. Zills had just from New Haven. The men met in the company of a number of select sporting men of Litchfield and New Haven counties, down in a meadow between high, deeply wooded mountains. Delays postponed the fight until 7½, when it was quite dark, yet the men were so eager for the fray that no further postponement was made. The stakes were the gate money. Zills weighed 137 pounds stripped, while Gilmore pulled the bar at 140. In the first round heavy blows were put in at first, but as the fight waxed warmer Zills proved himself not only alert, but powerful. Gilmore fought on the defensive. Three times they clinched, and at one time Gilmore forced Zills down by his sheer weight, almost making a foul. On the whole Zills had the best of it when time was called. In the second round Gilmore struck out more forcibly, and soon had first blood, but Zills matched skill against beef, and planted some fearful left-handers on his opponent's face. In 3 minutes he had succeeded in landing on Gilmore's left jaw with such force as to send him off his feet. Gilmore staggered part way to his feet, and then fell back senseless with a terrible bruise on his jaw. At the end of the prescribed 10 seconds he was still unable to recognize any one, and Zills joined with the crowd in the attempt to resuscitate him. Everything was done that could be, until at last the man was revived, was dressed and taken away in a carriage. He said he was perfectly satisfied. The time of the fight was 5½ minutes.

A desperate battle, according to London ring rules, was fought near Shenandoah, Pa., on July 30, between Tom Boran and Patsy Ryan both miners by occupation. The latter is 45 years of age, 5 feet 11 inches in height and weighs 180 pounds. Boran is 33 years old, 6 feet tall and weighs 175 pounds. The men have always been warm friends, but mutual acquaintances kept boventing of the prowess of the one or the other until the matter became a subject of discussion between the principals, who agreed to a fight under the prize ring rules. They agreed to fight, and with a large number of friends, quietly walked over the hill in the eastern part of the town just outside the borough limits, and arranged a ring. The place was suitable in every way, as it is hid from public view. Ryan selected Pat Carroll as his second, while Hugh Hartkins performed the same service for Boran. The two men stripped to the waist, entered the ring, shook hands and began to spar for an opening. Sixteen rounds were fought, during which both men were terribly punished. Boran, however, exhibited the most skill, but his blows were not as effective as Ryan's, who incessantly rapped his opponent's ribs. In the fourth round Boran began to exhibit symptoms of weakness, but continued to fight gamely. Although his left side was swelling to an enormous size from the terrible punishment he received he fought two more rounds. In the sixteenth and last round he struck Ryan a terrible blow while they were fighting at short range, and as the latter fell, again hit him, when Carroll, Boran's second, jumped into the ring and struck Boran between the eyes, knocking him down. A general row followed, but some of the spectators interfered and stopped the disturbance. The fight lasted forty minutes, and the bodies of both men gave evidence of a desperate battle. Boran's friends are wild over Carroll's interference, and another fight will probably be the result.

Charles E. Courtney still labors under the impression that he can defeat Edward Hanlan, and recently expressed a desire for a match, announcing that he would arrange for a meeting at any time that Hanlan's backer issued a challenge. A well-known sporting man called at the Police Gazette office and made known Courtney's desire. Richard K. Fox was informed of Courtney's willingness to row Hanlan. And the following was received:

BANGOR, Me., July 29, 1886.  
My proposition to back Edward Hanlan to row against any man in America still holds good. Announce for Chas. E. Courtney a benefit that I will match Mr. Hanlan to row Mr. Courtney any distance, for any amount, on any course Mr. Hanlan agrees to meet him. I will also back Hanlan against any man in the world to row three or five miles, for \$1,000 a side and upward. Notify Mr. Courtney's backer that Mr. Hanlan is ready to meet him, and that he or his representative can meet at the Police Gazette office any time they select and arrange a match. Try and have the race rowed at Rockaway Beach if one is arranged.

RICHARD K. FOX.  
Courtney's backer, Mr. Charles F. Brockaway, through Mr. Thos. J. Brosnan, of the Seaside House, Rockaway, notified Richard K. Fox on July 31 that Courtney will row Hanlan for \$500 or \$1,000 a side, the race to be rowed at Rockaway Beach. If the match is arranged a purse will also be added to the stakes. Senator J. H. Oakley, T. J. Brosnan and Richard K. Fox, Courtney is confident he can defeat Hanlan. He claims the latter has lost his old form, while, by steady rowing and training, he has improved. Hanlan and Courtney have never rowed in this vicinity, and thousands will journey to witness the race when it is known that both men will meet. Many sporting men believe Hanlan to be slower in a shell than he was two years ago, and many believe Courtney could always beat him, consequently great interest will be manifested over the race. Rockaway Beach is pronounced one of the best rowing courses in this vicinity, and the race between Hanlan and Lee last summer proved it.

Newsdealers and subscription agents are particularly requested to send their name and address, on postal card, to Richard K. Fox, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



The great pigeon shoot between Wm. Graham, the champion wing shot of England, and William Tilt Mitchell, of Hill Point, N. C., for \$500 a side, was shot at Erb's Grounds, Newark, N. J., on July 30. The conditions were 50 birds each, Hurlingham rules, 30 yard rise, five traps, two barrels. Both used 12-gauge guns. Mr. Charles Heath of Newark, acted as judge for Mitchell. Mr. Schurer for Graham, and Mr. J. Potts of Brooklyn was referee. The birds were an exceptionally good lot, considering the intense heat. They were trapped out of the same baskets for both shooters. The birds were retrieved by Mr. Erb's Irish setter. Before the start and throughout the contest audience pools were sold on the event. The first pool was \$45 to \$30 on Graham, and a number more were sold before the men scored at about 3 to 2, the odds being in favor of Graham. Mitchell won the toss and went first to the traps. He shot in a broad-brimmed straw hat and without his coat. He is over the medium height, has a smooth face and a very determined look about him. He seemed in excellent condition while Graham, who is short and stout and weighs 220 pounds, has not yet become acclimated to our Yankee summers. He suffered dreadfully from the heat and said he was quite dizzy at times. He shot with his left hand grasping the front part of the trigger guard. Mitchell had the most difficult birds to shoot at, many of them being low drivers, while Graham from time to time was favored with incomers and right quarterers. Summarizing the shoot, Mitchell used his second barrel nineteen times, and Graham seventeen times. Only one bird was challenged, and that was Mitchell forty-seventh, which fell just inside the eighty yard boundary. The score is as follows: William Graham—Killed 45; missed 5; total 50. W. T. Mitchell—Killed 44; missed 6; total 50. Before the match a number of big moor sweeps were shot by prominent pigeon shooters of the vicinity.

carry 110 pounds, six furlongs, for \$5,000 or \$10,000.





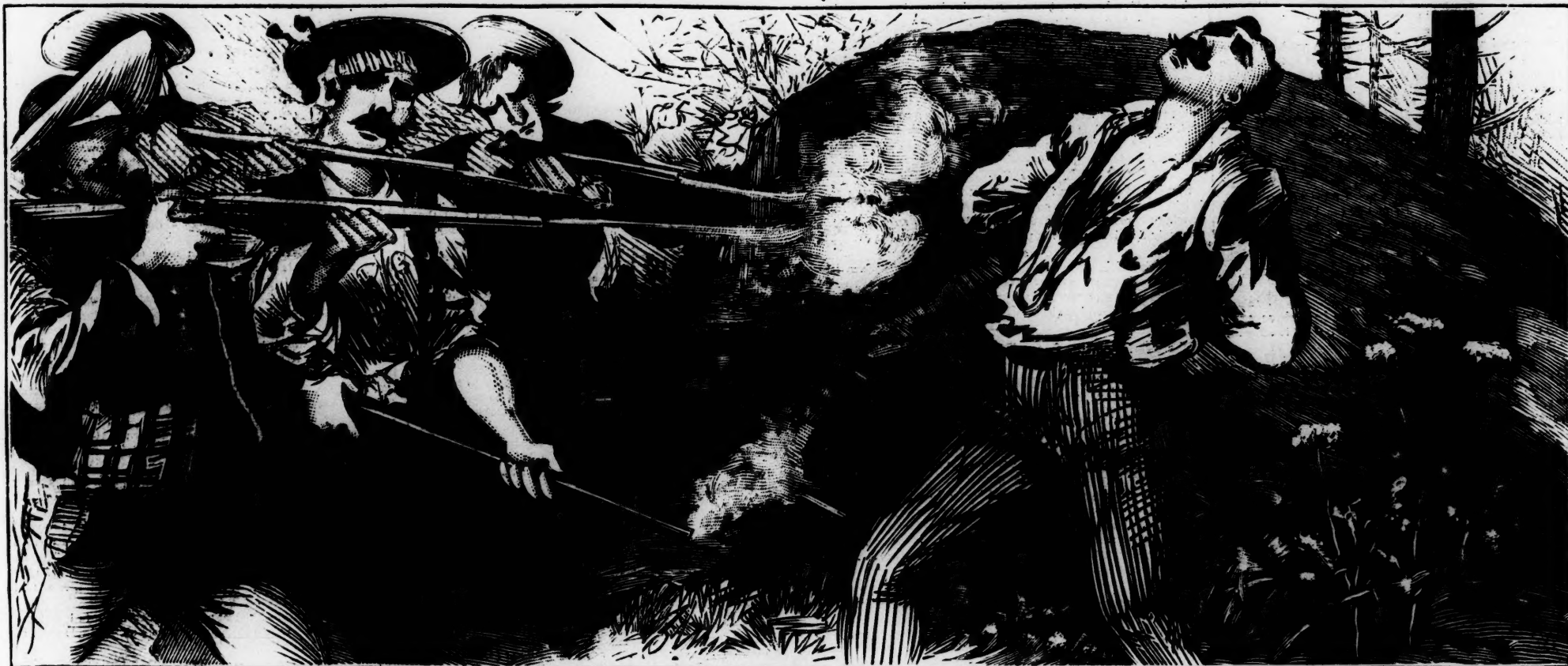
HE HAD A GOOD HAND.

FRANK BUNTON, OF MUSIC, CARTER CO., KENTUCKY, FILLS JIM ADAMS WITH BUCKSHOT.



HORRIBLE CRUELTY.

ANNABELLA MELVILLE A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD CHILD CHAINED TO THE FLOOR IN EAST NEW YORK.



HOW MANY MORE?

THE CRUEL AND COWARDLY MURDER OF FRANCISCO RASURES, AN AMERICAN CITIZEN, BY GREASERS AT PIEDRAS NEGRAS, MEXICO.



A HIGHLY COLORED SPECTACLE.

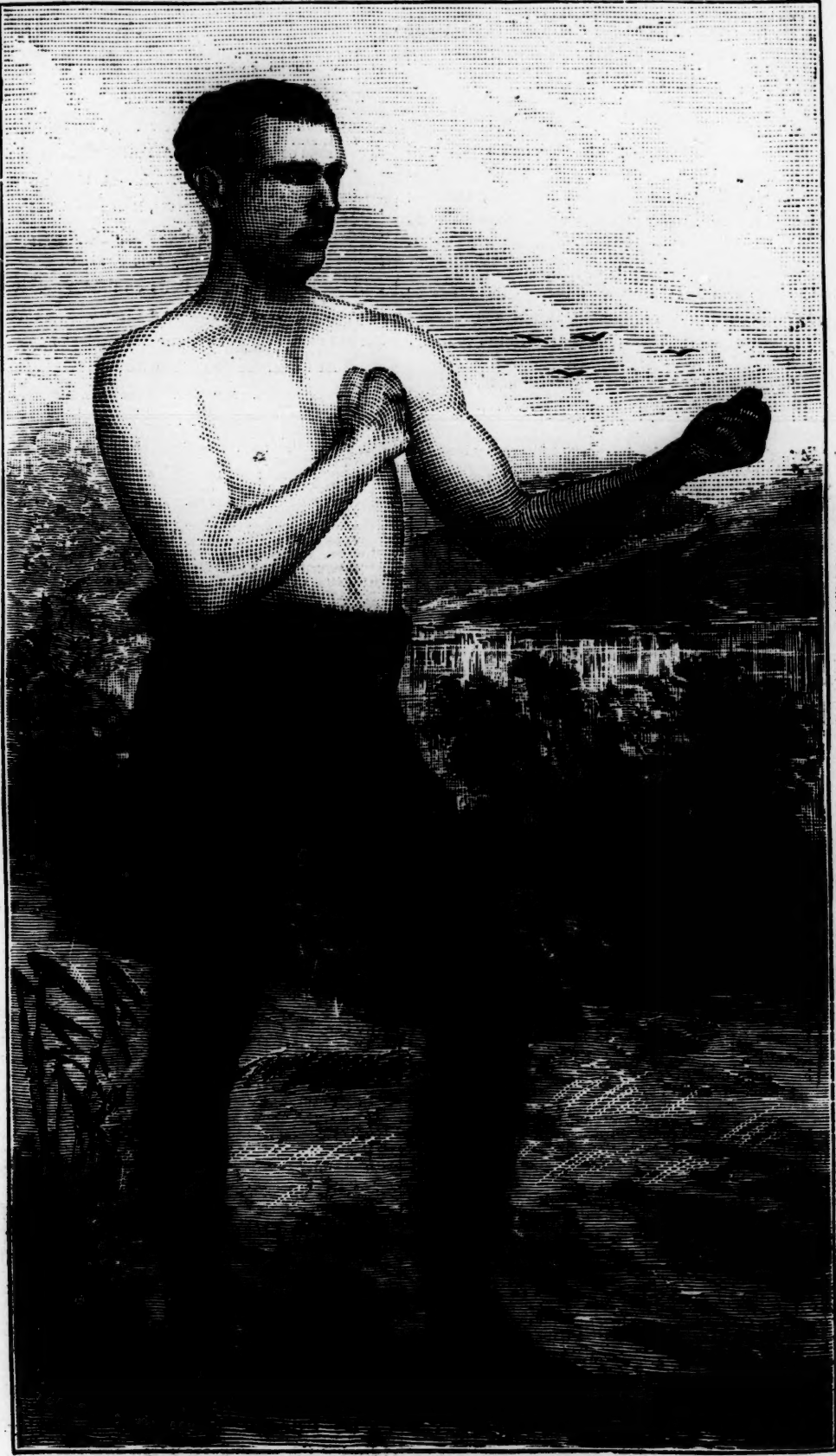
JACOB WOLFE'S DOG, WITH A TIN-CAN ATTACHMENT BREAKS UP A WEDDING AT LOUISVILLE, KY.



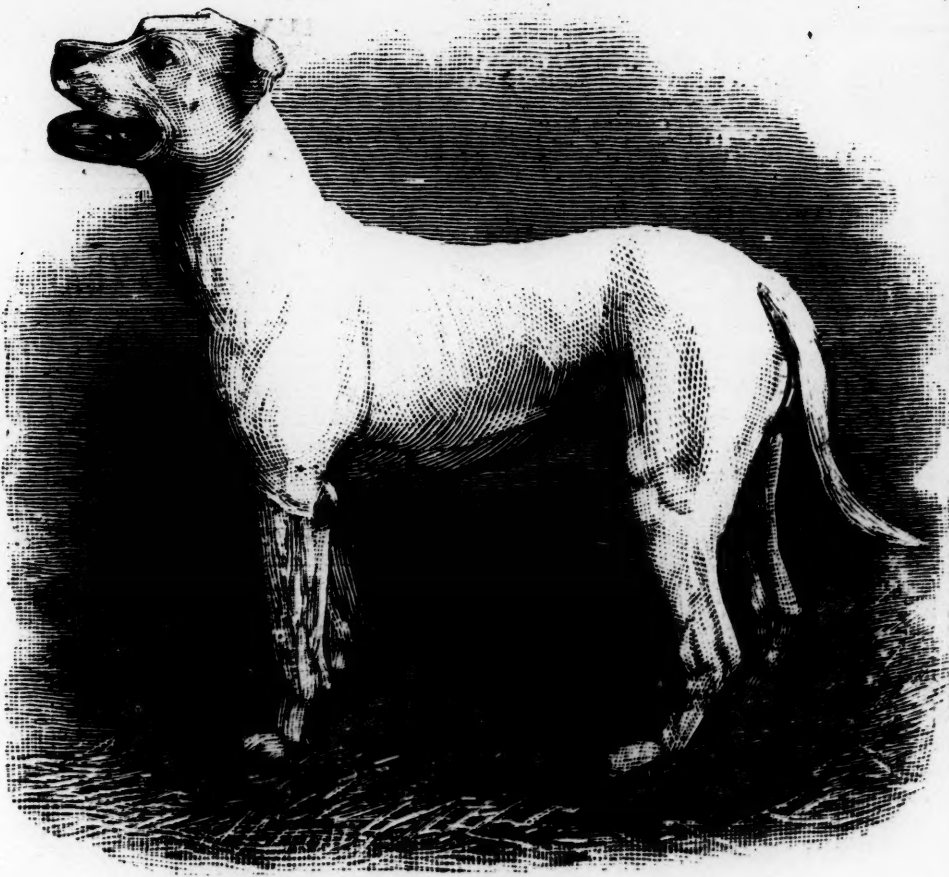
PROHIBITION EGGS.

HOW THE RHODE ISLAND BOOZERS WERE GIVEN AWAY BY AN ACCIDENT ON TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.





**JACK PIEPER,**  
A NOTED BOXER OF KANSAS CITY, MO.



**SELDOM,**  
A WONDERFUL AND WELL-KNOWN BULLDOG OF OIL CITY, PA.



**JOSEPH M. WOLFORD,**  
A DESERVEDLY POPULAR SPORTING MAN OF  
BUFFALO, N. Y.



**BILLY OLIVER,**  
THE ALL-ROUND ATHLETE AND SPORTING MAN  
OF HARLEM, N. Y.

#### A Faithless Widower.

George W. Mays, a frisky widower of fifty odd summers, living at Ironton, O., has been making love to a dashing blue-eyed girl named Ivy Martin, who is about 20 years of age and the daughter of a well-to-do farmer in Lawrence township. His love-making progressed favorably and the wedding day was set for July 24. Great preparations were made by the Martins, and the lovely would-be bride was counting the dreary hours until the eventful day should arrive. But in the meantime the gay widower was also making love to another pretty eighteen-year-old girl, whose father was supposed to be possessed of considerable filthy lucre, and the other day G. W. Mays and Lettie Jenkins,

the new found love, were married. Ivy Martin recently sued Mays for \$3,000 damage for breach of promise. The trial will be sensational, and some rich developments are expected.

#### She Tried to Shoot.

A. H. Cramer, one of the money loaners of Hastings, Neb., narrowly escaped being shot the other morning. A lady called at his office to see sale land contracts of hers that he held for collateral security. He let her have them, when she started for the door. He grabbed her, when she pulled a revolver and attempted to shoot him. She was arrested and placed under bond to await the next session of the district court.



**ANNIE OAKLEY,**  
THE "POLICE GAZETTE" CHAMPION MARKSWOMAN, WITH BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.



## OUR NATIONAL GAME.

Latest Notes, Gossip and Comments  
Upon Baseball Matters in All Parts  
of the Country.



John Nelson.

The subject of this sketch, this issue, was born in Maine, March 14, 1848. He commenced his career as a ball player in the celebrated Crescent Club of Williamsburg in 1868. In 1867 he joined the famous Eckford Club, playing at third base during that and the following two seasons. In 1870 he played the same position for the Mutuals of New York, and in 1872 signed to play in the Chicago White Stockings, but owing to the large fire there the preceding fall there was no nine in that city that season, so he played with the Troy City nine of Troy, N. Y. Back again to the Mutuals in 1873 '74 and '75, he played alternately short stop and second base. In 1876 he played with the Philadelphia of Philadelphia, Pa., until July 17, of that season, when he joined the Alleghenies of Pittsburgh, Pa. In 1878 he played with the Indianapolis Club of Indianapolis, Ind., remaining with that club until August, when he joined the Albany of Albany, N. Y. In 1879 he played part of the season with the Troy Club, and in 1881 was one of the original "Mets," being one of the first to sign with that organization. In 1880 he joined forces with the old Athletics of Brooklyn and remained with the "old champs" until toward the close of the season, when he went to the Worcester of Worcester, Mass. 1882 finds him in the Metropolitans again and he contributed not a little to their well-earned success that season, having played in all but three games. His fine playing in 1881 materially aided the Metropolitans to win the pennant of the American Association, which they now hold. Short stop has been his position for nearly all of his long career as a base ball player, and though he has batted left handed from the first, has always thrown right-handed. He is still with the "Mets," having proven a valuable man last season and also this season.

Yeagle did not last long in Lynchburg.

If the New Yorks don't look sharp they will never get there.

The tall end seems good enough for the Wiman Indians.

It is a caution if young Perry is not getting in his good work.

Hecker seems to give the Athletic batsmen considerable annoyance.

The Metropolitans are a sad wreck of the old "champs" of 1884.

Con. Murphy is walking the chalk line since his reinstatement by the Haverhills.

Larry Corcoran is now convinced of the fact that his best pitching days are over.

McPhee is earning his salt, both at the bat and in the field, in the Cincinnati Club.

Little Gilligan has been promoted to the rank of captain in the Washington troops.

Barnie made no mistake when he engaged O'Connell, as he is a slugger from Sluggerville.

Mickey Welch has not altogether lost his grip, as he fools them yet in a pretty lively style.

If the Brooklyn can't play ball on their own grounds there is not a club in the country that can.

The Detroit seem besmeared with luck. Even Decker, their new catcher, is a hard hitter.

The chances of the Baltimore Club for winning the championship are beginning to look kind of slim.

Muldoon, of the Baltimore, is a pretty tough boy, but he is not quite man enough to down malaria.

Fennelly is evidently losing his grip as a ball tosser. Too much notoriety probably has turned his head.

Jim O'Bourke don't have much to say, but he does his work about as well as any man in the business.

Kilroy went all to pieces while in the West, but he has gathered himself together again in great shape.

Schombert is suffering with enlargement of the head, caused by his making a double and a triple in a recent game.

The Athletic management figure pretty close, and the man who gets into their ground without paying is a good one.

The brick wall has been of wonderful assistance to the Chicagos in building up their big record on home runs.

All the clubs are now pretty well satisfied as to the positions they will occupy at the close of the championship season.

McClellan is covering that second bag for the Brooklyn in a style which makes the best of them bustle to hold up their end.

Von der Ahe has opened his heart and actually bought silk caps for his men. They will win the championship now with hands down.

Nimick don't let the grass grow under his feet. He owns a large cattle ranch at Silver City, New Mexico, as well as the Pittsburg club.

Judging from the hints that are being thrown out about the blacklist, the inference is that Frank Ringo must have a kink in his elbow.

The Pittsburgs are counting on landing in second place before they finish the present series on their own grounds with the Eastern clubs.

McGinnis had satisfaction for once in his life, as he had the pleasure of pitching a winning game for the Baltimore against the St. Louis Browns.

Louie Say has gone down in his ball playing almost as fast as a Canadian goes down a tobogganal slide, and it was nothing else but the old stuff that did it.

Perry would make his fortune in a dime museum, as he has grown seventeen feet taller since he held the St. Louis Browns down to four hits in three games.

Galvin is not among the number that thinks Dave Orr has lost his grip at the stick, as Dave recently slugged him for five clean hits out of five times at the bat.

The worst stab that Joe Start ever received was the day that he was hissed in Washington. Joe is extremely sensitive and he felt the sting of the insult to the very core.

They say Ramsey's "dad" has lots of boodle, and that he is a great baseball enthusiast. This may be as straight as a string, but if he has the dust he knows how to keep it. Young Ramsey is never behind the door when the Louisville are paid off.

There was a mosquito circling around the lower end of the Polo Ground during a recent New York-Chicago game, and Anson had the umpire call time until it got on side the limits of the ground for fear it might interfere with his contemplated home run.

The Pittsburgs are pretty satisfied with the style in which John Kelly umpires and it would just tickle their "funny-bone" to have him umpire all their games with the Brooklyn Club in both cities, but then Charley Byrne has something to say about the matter.

The way the majority of the dirty work is brought about is by a club, when away from home, continually sending word back that they are getting it in the neck. For instance, the Pittsburg Club, while in the East, wrote letters home complaining of the deals they were getting in the East. They claimed that the umpires and teams were in league to down them. This kind of work is cowardly, and is only done to excuse their defeats. They do not only gain home sympathy but they virtually invite the enforcement of mob law when the Eastern Clubs strike Pittsburg.

Some of the players, particularly pitchers and catchers, kick like steers if they are called upon to catch two games in succession. Do they ever stop to think that the amount of labor they perform only amounts to about one hour a day? It seldom takes over two hours to play a game, and at the most liberal calculation a pitcher or catcher cannot work more than one half that time, as while the pitcher and catcher of one side is at work the pitcher and catcher of the other club is anchored on the players' bench. This thing of a ball player complaining of being worked too hard is all balderdash.

Arlie Freshy Latham tried to put a little coon mascot in the seat beside Robinson during the Baltimore-St. Louis series in Baltimore. Robinson would not have it, and Freshy, who was up on the seat with the driver, felt insulted and gave it to Robinson in the neck. Robinson sprang to his feet and grabbed Latham by the nape of his neck, brought him down off of his lofty perch like a strack of greased lightning, and by the time he was through with his freshness, the only way they could recognize him was by his clothing. Of course Robinson got fined \$50. It would not have done to fine Latham, as it took about ten times the amount of the fine to reduce his head sufficiently to get him inside the hotel.

Can it be possible that Wiman means to leave the public under the impression that he never ordered a trophy for the American Association Clubs to compete for? Has he forgotten the circular he sent around to all of the papers giving an elaborate description of the emblem? Does he know that letters are still in existence, written by him and containing his signature, wherein instructions are given in reference to the design and asking to have certain parties to go to see the model and see if the position is good? Is it possible that he does not know that the trophy has been on display and is now on exhibition at the Gorham Manufacturing Company, corner of Broadway and 19th Street? So this is the trophy that Bob Ferguson, the manager of the Metropolitans, laughs at and says does not exist and is only an idle fancy of Jim Gifford's. Probably Mr. Wiman thought when he ordered the trophy the "Mets" would win and he would be widely advertised, and the trophy would never go out of his possession.

The Lehigh Valley Railroad are running excursions to Mauch Chunk, the "Switzerland of America," embracing the Glen Onoko, and a thrilling ride over the famous gr. vity road known as the Switch Back. The route lies through the richest part of New Jersey and the beautiful Lehigh Valley, running along the charming banks of the Lehigh River, and passing through the grand old mountains of Pennsylvania, affording one of the grandest panoramic views of natural scenery in the world. Trains leave Portland or Debrosses streets, with parlor cars attached, at 8:10 A. M., on August 11, 23, September 8, 22, October 6, 20, making a stop at Newark, Elizabeth and Rahway, placing the round trip at \$2.25. No one should miss this trip.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

Attention is called to the fact that no new accounts are opened for advertising, and that cash must in all cases accompany an order. Persons who are disappointed because their cards do not appear in this issue are those who omit to comply with this rule.

All Advertising Agencies are forbidden to quote the POLICE GAZETTE at less than regular rates, and notified that orders from them will not be received unless they exact full rates for advertisers.

Copy for advertisements must reach this office by Tuesday at 1 P. M., in order to insure insertion in following issue.

**Mrs. Southworth's Complete Works.** An entire new edition is just published by T. R. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, in forty-three volumes, each volume complete in itself, and bound in morocco cloth, library style, with a full gilt back, and are sold by all booksellers everywhere at the low price of \$1.50 each. Send to the publishers for a complete list of them.

Correspondents abroad are cautioned against sending foreign postage stamps, which are useless as a remittance, post office orders can invariably be obtained and should be used exclusively.

## THE CHAMPION ADVERTISING MEDIUM OF THE WORLD.

Advertisers give the POLICE GAZETTE a test trial trip. Costs only the same rate (One Dollar per line) for one week as for one month or one year, enabling an advertiser to use it as long as it pays him, and to abandon it the moment he finds it an unprofitable investment. Can anything be fairer?

Advertisements can be sent direct to the office or are received at the same rates as at the home office, by all responsible advertising agencies in the country.

Address  
RICHARD K. FOX,  
P. O. Box 40, New York.

An advertiser who does not care to have his identity placed in type writes:  
The value of anything of yours, for the purpose of advertising, ought to be written in gold and set in diamonds. Two years ago I paid you for an advertisement, which this morning brought orders worth to me twenty-five dollars. Similar instances have not been unusual to us, respectfully.  
March 16, 1885.

PHILADELPHIA, April 3, 1885.  
DEAR SIR—As an advertising medium the POLICE GAZETTE appears to increase in value every issue, and it is the only paper I have ever used that ALWAYS pays. My "ad." in it now brings me from 40 to 50 orders every day, which is fully 50 per cent. more than any other three papers I am using.

GEO. T. WILSON.

CHILLICOTHE, OHIO, April 6, 1885.  
We inserted a two line advertisement in your paper, and received over 500 orders from the same. Your medium cannot be surpassed.

HOME SUPPLY AGENCY.

ELLSWORTH PUBLISHING CO.,  
ELMIRA, N. Y., April 20, 1885.

We must say that the money invested in advertising in the GAZETTE was well spent, and has brought us in more orders than any other paper we have ever invested in. We find our patrons are not confined solely to this continent, as we are constantly receiving orders from the foreign countries. It brings answers almost immediately, and from all parts of the country, and we cheerfully add our names in endorsing it as an excellent advertising medium—in fact, it has no equal.

ELLSWORTH PUBLISHING CO.

## NOT SO FAST.

OSWEGO, N. Y., March 20.  
FRANK QUEEN PUBLISHING CO.: You may continue our card in the *Cup* etc. We will add that we have had more returns from our card in the *Cup* than from our eight-line card in the *Cup*, which costs us \$1 per line. We don't understand this.

EASTERN CARD CO.

Inclosed you will find a cutting from the editorial of New York *Cup*, March 23, which may or may not have attracted your attention and needs a word or two of explanation. The *Cup* had no authority from us to publish a confidential business letter over our firm signature, and we consider it at least bad taste. The truth of the matter is this: When we wrote the *Cup* our card had been in that paper and in the *GAZETTE* one week, and, singularly enough, we had received seven answers from *Cup* card and but three from *GAZETTE* card, which, true enough, we did not understand. But since the time of writing, we received, sad to say, no more answers to our *Cup* card and thirty-seven (37) answers (twenty-eight cash) from the *GAZETTE* card, from about every State and Territory, Canada, and one from Honolulu. Further, let us say, we received no letters of acknowledgment of the receipt of our ash remittances either from the *Cup* or from the *GAZETTE*. A comparison of business methods of your paper with that of some others is perhaps unnecessary, but it surely must be appreciated by those who use your columns to advertise in.

IMPORTING CO., Oswego, N. Y.

OFFICE OF JOHN C. SCHENK,  
Publisher "Barber's Receipt Book,"  
490 William Street.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 22, 1885.  
Regarding me being satisfied in comparison with others, etc., as to price paid—for a three months' run, but as a medium for obtaining results, will say that the *GAZETTE* lays it out illustrated papers in the shade.

JOHN C. SCHENK.

OFFICE OF W. H. REED,  
Wholesale Dealer in Canvasers' Agents' Street  
Men's and Navy City Dealers' Supplies,  
DETROIT, MICH., May 25, 1885.

During the last two weeks I have got the following foreign letters: One from Can. (China); one from Honolulu, Sandwich Islands (an order); one from P. (an order); two from P. (an order); one from Kin. (an order); one from Belfast; one from Glasgow; one from Liverpool; and one (an order) from Middleborough, Eng. It seems funny that we should catch these letters all so close together, and they are the first foreign mail we have ever received. Guess the *GAZETTE* is the proper paper.

W. H. REED.

CHICAGO, May 23, 1885.  
We do not remember to have paid an advertisement that has brought us as many returns as the one in your paper has.

R. W. TANSILL.

OFFICE OF W. F. MAIN,  
ROCK FALLS, IA., June 19, 1885.

DEAR SIR—I have tried several hundred papers and have not as yet found any paper that would pay with in 100 per cent. as well as the POLICE GAZETTE. There is an illustrated paper in your city charging same rate as POLICE GAZETTE, viz., \$1.00 per line. I tried the same one time and received but six replies.

W. F. MAIN.

REEDSVILLE, Milford Co., Pa.,  
June 30, 1885.  
Very good returns indeed.

AGENTS' SUPPLY CO.

BOX 2049, BOSTON, MASS.,  
July 1, 1885.

Unlike advertising mediums needing months and months of patient waiting and heavy expenditures before returns are seen (if at all), the POLICE GAZETTE does undoubtedly yield, from the first appearance of an advertisement, a profitable response which does not flag (but increases) during its continuance, and the effects of which are not the less appreciated because that they are the result of an advertisement which may not have appeared in any recent issue of that publication; as to cost, it is \$1 a line, but cheap advertising is believed in the best way to dispel an illusion of that sort is to buy and pay for 1,000 lines of cheap space and then do a little figuring in the rule of three to prove that (in advertising) an ounce of practical is worth a pound of theoretical economy.

H. BOOTH.

OFFICE OF W. BENJAMIN,  
Dealer in Novels, Etc.,  
MONTCLAIR, N. J., July 1, 1885.

I have advertised my goods through the POLICE GAZETTE twice only. The two ads. have brought me orders from every State (except two) in the Union. It pays to use your paper for advertising.

W. BENJAMIN.

TRENTON, N. J., July 1, 1885.  
DEAR SIR—Our experience in advertising with your paper was very satisfactory.

ACME CO.

**CURE FOR THE DEAF.**  
PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. HISCOX, 833 Broadway, N. Y.

## BOOKS THAT EVERY ONE SHOULD READ.

Glimpses of Gotham; or, New York by Daylight and after Dark.  
Man Traps of New York. A Full Expose of the Metropolitan Swindles.  
New York by Day and Night. A Continuation of Glimpses of Gotham.  
New York Tombs: Its Secrets, Romances, Crimes and Mysteries.  
Mysteries of New York Unveiled. One of the most exciting books ever published.  
Paris by Gaslight. The Gay Life of the Gayest City in the World.  
Paris Inside Out; or, Joe Potts on the Loose. A vivid story of Parisian life.  
Spangled World; or, Life in a Circus. The romances and realities of the tumbler circle.  
Secrets of the Stage; or, The Mysteries of the Play-House Unveiled.  
Great Art is of the American Stage. Portraits of the Actors and Actresses of America.  
James Brothers, the Celebrated Outlaw Brothers. Their Lives and Adventures.  
Billy Leroy, the Colorado Bandit. The King of American Highwaymen.  
Cupid's Crimes; or, The Tragedies of Love. A history of criminal romances of passion and jealousy.  
Famous Frauds; or, The Sharks of Society. The lives and adventures of famous impostors.  
Mysteries of Morinoblen. A Full Expose of Its Hidden Crimes.  
Slang Dictionary of New York, London and Paris. Compiled by a well-known detective.  
Heavenly Chinese. His Virtues, Vices and Crimes. An account of the saffron slaves of California.  
Guiteau's Crime. Full History of the Murder of President Garfield.  
Assassin's Doom. Sequel to Guiteau's Crime. A history of the trial and sentence.  
Crime Unmasked. Sequel to the Assassin's Doom. The punishment of the murderer.  
Exposé. Lives of Brigands in Europe and America. The menaces of the mountains.  
Murderesses of Olden Times. Heroines in the Renomance of Crime.  
Faro Exposure. A Complete Expose of the Great American Game.  
Lives of the Poisoners. The Most Fascinating Book of the Year.  
Mabelle Unmasked; or, the Wickedest Place in the World.  
Crimes of the Century. Men and Women Who Have Made History.  
Burying the Dead. A True History of the Irish Troubles.  
Suicide's Cradle; or, the Caricatures of Self-Murder. Showing the origin of suicide.  
Coney Island. How New York's Gay Girls and Jolly Boys Enjoy Themselves by the Sea.  
Murdered by Lust; or, How Jennie Cramer Lost Her Life.

## SPORTING BOOKS.

The American Athlete, a Treatise on the Principles and Rules of Training.  
Champion of the American Prize Ring, Complete History and Portraits of all the American Heavy Weights.  
Life of Jim Mace, ex-Champion of England.  
"John Morrissey, Pugilist, Sport and Statesman."  
"John C. Heenan, with all his Battles."  
"Ed. Hankin, America's Champion Carman."  
Betting Man's Guide, or How to Invest in Auction and Mutual Pools and Combinations.  
Any of the above superbly illustrated books mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cts. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Box 40, N. Y.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

## ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements..... \$1.00 per line.  
Reading Notices..... 200 "  
Copy for advertisements must be in by Tuesday noon in order to insure insertion in following issue.  
The POLICE GAZETTE has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14 1/2 inches each, and 2 1/2 inches wide.

ALL AGATE MEASUREMENT. EIGHT WORDS AVERAGE A LINE.

No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements or Time Contracts.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.

During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers.  
Cash should accompany all orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention.

## LAWYERS.

Divorce Law of Illinois. Legal advice free. Send stamp.  
C. & S., 106 Randolph St., Chicago.

## TOILET ARTICLES.

**FACE, HANDS, FEET,**  
and all their imperfections, including Facial Development, Supercilious Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Red Nose, Acne, Bile Hads, Scars, Pitting and their treatment. Dr. John H. Woodbury, 27 N. Pearl St., Albany, N.Y. Send 10c. for book.

Heavy Mustache in 30 days guaranteed. Send 30c. to E. Todd, 553 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

## JEWELERS.

An elegant, solid 14k. gold, solid silver base, engraved case, pat. Lever Watch, art. nited, with written guarantee, as a perfect time-keeper, by registered mail, charges all prepaid, for only \$7.50, all 6 for \$38. Chains of fine rolled plate, \$1.00; chains, 50c. Address WILLIAM, 121 Halsted St., Chicago.

## DRY GOODS.

**LADIES' UNDERWEAR!**

Lace trimmed specialties: newest styles, lowest prices. Illustrated Catalogue sent free.  
MAHLER BROS., 505 6th Ave., New York.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

**COUNTERFEIT MONEY** we have not, but our day. A sample on file, marked one dollar and price list sent by return mail for 50c. (same taken) 3 samples, \$1.00. Supply Co., P. O. Drawer K, Albany, N. Y.

**\$2 WILL BUY** a set of ten practical working tools, needed in every house and shop. These tools are well made of the best materials and are warranted as represented. Sent on receipt of price.  
CHARLES A. ROMER, Manufacturer's Agent, N. Y. City.

**The Secret Art of Blowing Fire** out of a horn on any part of the body: words and secret how to use them: sent to any address for \$2.00.  
M. C. HUBER, Port Deposit, Md.

Get the Set of Four Pretty French Girls, highly colored and in interesting positions, 15c., 2 sets 25c., all different. ART AGENT, 132 Broadway, New York.

**Rich Books, Photos, &c. Samples, Catalogues, &c.** C. G. EMERY, Columbus, Ohio.

**Married Ladies**—Send self-addressed stamped envelope. Mrs. M. BROWNLEE, Nashua, Pa.









SHE WON THE BATTLE.

A PHILADELPHIA BELLE HAS A FIERCE BUT SUCCESSFUL CONTEST WITH A SPIRITED HORSE ON THE BEACH AT ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.